

No. XXIII.

JULY, 1887.

THE

# Manchester Quarterly

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



## Contents :

	PAGE.
I.—The Early Work of George Cruikshank. By HARRY THORNER. With Illustrations .....	201
II.—The Devil's Well. By RICHARD HOOKE .....	219
III.—Pythagoras and India. By H. H. HOWORTH, M.P. ....	225
IV.—The Subjective Theory of Beauty. By REGINALD BARBER .....	250
V.—On Hand Shakes. By W. I. WILD .....	268
VI.—By the Swale. By JOHN MORTIMER .....	276
VII.—The Wood. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON .....	295

PUBLISHED FOR

THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

BY

JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

TRÜBNER AND CO. LONDON.

*Price One Shilling.*

*All Rights Reserved.*

# MANCHESTER QUARTERLY ADVERTISER.

JULY, 1887.

*NOTICE.*—Communications intended for the Editor may be addressed to **MR. AXON**, Fern Bank, Higher Broughton,

Business letters, orders, &c., should be sent to the publisher, **MR. JOHN HEYWOOD**, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London.



Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new Process. A Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box for 7 Stamps, from C. BRANDAUER & CO.'s Pen Works, BIRMINGHAM.

N.B.—C. BRANDAUER & Co. are also manufacturers of J pens, School Pens, turned-up points, turned-down points, curved, square, and slanting nibbed, and every other description of Steel Pens.

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON

## AIR POLLUTION,

*Delivered under the auspices of the Manchester and Salford Noxious Vapours Abatement Association.*

Now Ready. Price One Penny Each.

COMPLETE, PAPER COVER, SIXPENCE.

On Noxious Vapours which Pollute the Air. By J. CARTER BELL, Esq., A.R.S.M., F.I.C., F.C.S.

Pure Air and How to Obtain it. By A. RANSOME, M.D., M.A., F.R.S.

A Piece of Coal, and what becomes of it. By GEO. E. DAVIS, Esq., F.C.S., F.I.C.

Why the Air of Manchester is so Impure. By CHARLES ESTCOURT, Esq., F.C.S., F.I.C.

The Physical Effects of Air Pollution. By Rev. C. G. K. GILLESPIE, A.K.C.

Now Ready. Price One Penny Each.

## MANCHESTER HEALTH LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

1886-87.—TENTH SERIES.

### ON THE ORIGIN OF DISEASE.

Some Causes of Preventable Disease. By ARTHUR RANSOME, M.D., M.A., F.R.S.

Occupation in Relation to Disease. By FRANCIS VACHER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Temperament in Relation to Disease. By RICHARD CREAN, M.D.

Diet in Relation to Disease. By J. PRIESTLEY, Esq., M.R.C.S.

Climate and Health Resorts. By HY. SIMPSON, M.D.

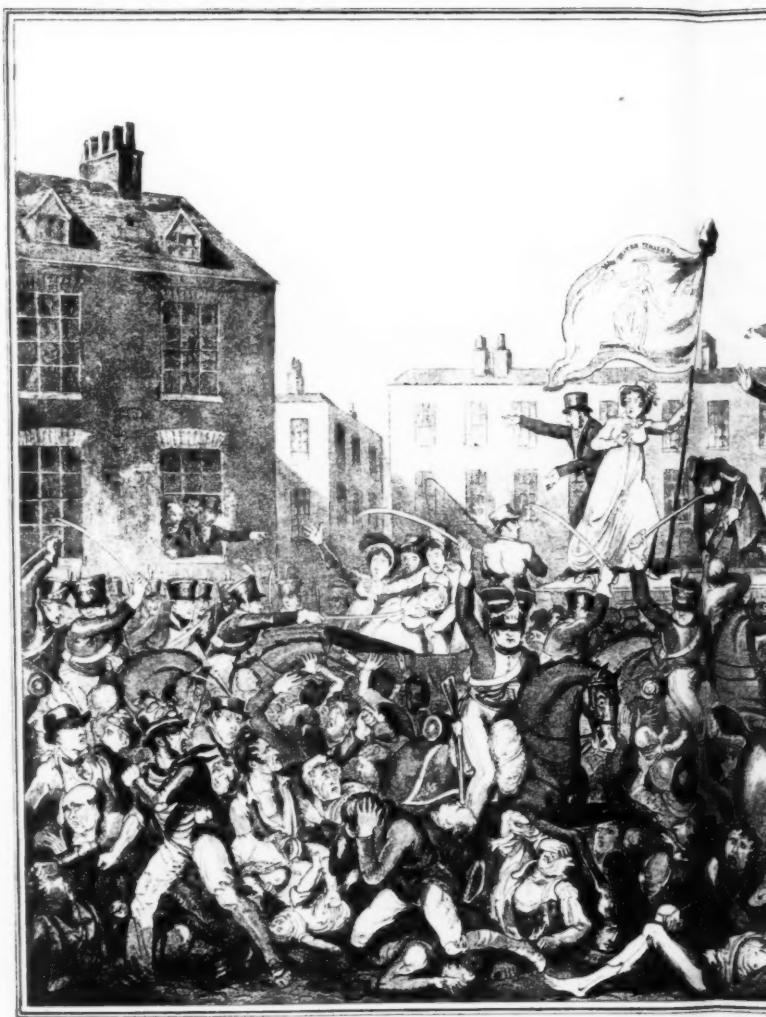
Heredity in Relation to Disease. By W. LAUDER, M.D.

Age in Relation to Disease. By JAS. NIVEN, M.A., M.B.

Education in Relation to Disease. By W. N. MACCALL, M.D.

*JOHN HEYWOOD*, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London.





TO HENRY HU  
*As CHAIRMAN of the Meeting assembled on St. Peter's Field*  
*and to the Female Reformers of MANCHESTER and the adj*  
 THE WANTON AND FIERIOUS ATTACK MADE ON THEM BY THAT BRUTAL ARMED  
*this Pl*

Published by J. W. G. & Co. 17, Pall Mall, London, W.





HUNT, ESQ<sup>R</sup>.

*Peters Field, Manchester on the 16<sup>TH</sup> OF AUGUST, 1819.*

*and the adjacent TOWNS who were exposed to and injured from*

ARMED FORCE THE MANCHESTER AND CHESHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY,

*this Plate is dedicated* by their Fellow Labourer **RICHARD CARLILE.**





## THE EARLY WORK OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BY HARRY THORNER.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born in London on September 27th, 1792, and was the son of Isaac Cruikshank, a Scotch artist, who never won a high place on the roll of fame, but nevertheless was among the most active and most successful of the caricaturists at the conclusion of last and the beginning of the present century. Besides this, he was a water-colour painter, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the years 1789-90-92. George had an elder brother named Isaac Robert, who was exactly three years his senior, being born on the 27th September, 1789. About this time Isaac worked at his etchings on copper. His wife coloured the plates, and the two boys were pressed into the service at a very early age. George's first plaything was an etching needle, but as time went on, the play merged into work, and he became of considerable assistance to his father. The earliest printed designs assigned to him by Mr. G. W. Reid, in his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank*, are as follows:—

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. No. XXIII.—JULY, 1887.

(1) *Children's Picture*—four marine pieces, on a sheet :—(a) *Sailing Match* : two yachts contending for a prize ; (b) *Sailing Barges* : A coast scene, with vessels passing to and fro ; (c) *Ferry Boat*, about to land a lady and gentleman at a pier near a town ; (d) *Liverpool Pier*, &c. (Printed and sold by W. Belch, Newington Butts, London.)

(2) *Children's Lottery Prints* : Sixteen small subjects on a sheet, illustrating various trades. (Sold by W. Belch, Newington Butts.) In the composition at the bottom corner to the left, the juvenile artist has introduced himself taking the copper plate to the bookseller, W. Belch, whose name appears on the façade of the shop.

Mr. Reid has added a note which reads thus : "Curious early instance of Cruikshank giving his own portrait to the world, a predilection which has clung to him throughout his whole career. Mr. Cruikshank says this was generally done at the instigation of his publishers."

For a few years he accepted any commissions that were offered to him, such as headings for songs, illustrations for chap books, sheets of prints for children, vignettes for lottery tickets, cuts for broadsides, &c. On the death of their father, the two brothers kept on the house, with their mother and sisters. They both made an acquaintance with Edmund Kean, before he was known to fame, and remained intimate with him after he became famous. Robert drew portraits of Kean in nearly all his characters, some of which were etched by George. This acquaintance naturally tended to make the brothers partial to the stage, and George seriously thought of turning to it as a means of livelihood. While he was hesitating he obtained a commission to paint a drop-scene for Drury Lane Theatre, on the stage of which he was ambitious of appearing. The scene painting in question was a caricature of Sir William Curtis, and the young artist depicted him looking over a bridge, and did it with so much humour that the picture brought down the house.

He was "soldier struck" as well as stage struck. He was always inclined to be pugnacious, and in his old age

used to regret that he had not entered the army. Like his father and brother, he was a volunteer.

When Robert married, George, with his mother and sister, went to live at Claremont Square, Pentonville. On George's marriage he removed only a few doors from his old residence, and at 22 and 23, Amwell Street, remained during the thirty most brilliant years of his life. His mother went to live at Finchley, and died at the age of ninety.

When George Cruikshank had in part emancipated himself from the bibulous companions of his youth, he fell into a regular system of hard work. He breakfasted punctually at eight o'clock, after which he smoked a pipe, and went to work at nine. When biting up plates, he would smoke more in the course of the morning, to drive away the fumes of the acid. At twelve he lunched, and then resumed work until three o'clock, when he dined. After dinner he sat with a jug of porter before him, enjoying his pipe, and talking with any friend who dropped in. His visitors were many. At five he drank tea, and then worked again from six o'clock till nine, when supper concluded the labour of the day, and was the preliminary to pipes and grog.

The exploits of the wild brothers, while the family lived in Dorset Street, were severely condemned by their strict mother. "Take the pencil out of my sons' hands," she used to say, and "they are a couple of boobies." Occasionally she even went the length of castigating George, when he returned home in the small hours from fairs or horse races, or the prize-ring, far from sober; or when he had been emulating the exploits of Tom and Jerry. He is described at this early time as gifted with extraordinary animal spirits, and filled with a reckless spirit of adventure, in the dangerous byways of London. What he saw in these days he carefully observed and set down. His field

of observation stretched from the foot of the gallows to Greenwich Fair; through coal-holes, cider-cellars, cribs and prize-fighters' taverns, Petticoat Lane, and Smithfield. Its centre was Covent Garden Market, where the young bloods drank and sang and fought under the piazzas, something more than sixty years ago.

George's earliest signed caricature is dated October 16th, 1807, when he was but fifteen. It is entitled "Cobbett at Court, or St. James's in a Bustle." Much of his early work is shared by his brother Robert, who was considered by the family to be the more gifted of the two. His things had value, though the value was small when George's were unheeded; and it has been said sometimes that George was wont at that period to work under Robert's name. But in his later life, when his memory was still keen and accurate, he said this was not so, and that Robert must have full credit for all that appeared with his signature.

In 1870, referring to his early designs, George wrote to Mr. G. W. Reid, who was then compiling the catalogue of George Cruikshank's works, as follows:—

In the compiling of such a list as this, it is not at all surprising that there should be errors, particularly when we look at the fact of there being three in one family (a father and two sons), all working in similar styles and upon the same sort of subjects. My father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver, and a first-rate water-colour draughtsman. My brother Isaac Robert was a very clever miniature and portrait painter, was also a designer and etcher, and your humble servant likewise a designer and etcher. When I was a mere boy, my dear father kindly allowed me to play at etching on some of his copper-plates—little bits of shadows, or little figures in the background—and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist me in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother Robert (who in his latter days omitted the Isaac) left off portrait painting, and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent, in some of his drawings on wood and his etchings, and all this mixture of head and hand work has led to a considerable amount of confusion, so that dealers, or printsellers, and collectors, have been puzzled to decide which were the productions of the I. Ck. the I. R. Ck. (or R. Ck.), and the G. Ck., and this will not create much

surprise when I tell you that I have myself in some cases had a difficulty in deciding in respect to early hand work done, some sixty odd years back, particularly when my drawings, made on wood blocks for common purposes, were hastily executed (according to price) by the engraver. Many of my first productions, such as halfpenny "Lottery Pictures," and books for little children, can never be known or seen, having of course been destroyed, long, long ago, by the dear little ones who had them to play with.

George had not the advantage of a systematic education; he was entered as a student at the Royal Academy, but, owing to its overcrowded state, he was unable to reap benefit from the instructions given. It is stated that on his application to Fuseli for leave to attend his lectures, Fuseli said, "Yes, you may come, but you will have to fight for a place."

Let me now describe the early work of George Cruikshank; that portion I intend to class as early work are all the social and political caricatures executed before and during the year 1825, and all the books illustrated by him up to 1820. The reason I stop short at 1820, as regards the book illustrations, is that after that date he commenced his career as a book illustrator, and gradually altered his style from that of his previous work. He continued to execute the larger caricatures until 1825, but after that date practically ceased, and nearly all his designs from that time forward were illustrations for books. He only illustrated a few books up to 1820, but as they are done in his early manner I propose to deal with them in this paper.

The early caricatures of George Cruikshank are not only valuable, but for the most part exceedingly scarce. The most noteworthy only can be named. The following are Headings for Songs:—

December 12, 1804.—"The Miller, Weaver, and Little Tailor" design represents the Devil flying away with the Tailor with the broad cloth under his arm. This design was executed when George was just over twelve years old, and speaks well for George's inventive powers.

March 1, 1808.—"The Mulberry Tree." Represents three gentlemen carousing underneath a mulberry tree, enjoying their wine and weed; the centre gentleman is singing the song with great spirit.

September 5 1808.—"A Bull in a China Shop." Illustrates the fourth verse of the song—

"The china-shop master, a little fat man,  
Popp'd in, and the bull at him furiously ran,  
Caught him up by the waistband without more ado,  
And toss'd him completely the shop window thro';  
The poor little fat man flew up like a dart,  
And down he came plump in a scavenger's cart."

March 25, 1811.—"Bonaparte," introduced by Mr. Elliston, and sung by him with unbounded applause in the character of Sylvester Daggerwood, at the Surrey Theatre. A view of the stage with Elliston singing, a large box on the left filled with fashionable people, and a portion of the pit is shown, in which the audience appear highly amused.

August 23rd, 1813—"Jack Marrowbone, the enraged Butcher and his Musical Family." Priscilla Groote, *invst.* G. Cruikshank, *fecit.* A section of the butcher's residence, showing the shop, parlour, and dressing-room. In the first, the butcher is seen attending to a lady customer. In the next, "Our Moll," his daughter, and her brother are taking their music lesson, a piece of ribs of beef being used as a fiddle, and a marrowbone for a bow. There are also some cats fighting in a corner of the room. In the third, the wife is dressing for Lady Dips's rout, and adorning her head with a tremendous amount of feathers.

August 24th, 1813.—"A Day of Fashion." Interior of Christie's Auction Room. The celebrated auctioneer is knocking down a portrait of Lady Squander, by Reynolds, for nine pounds, and all the company assembled there are very attentively criticising the same.

October 18th, 1813.—"Charioteer Snip on Rising Ground." Priscilla Groote, *invst.* George Cruikshank, *sculp.*, with song commencing:

"Sir Buttonhole Snip drives a goose-chaise,  
Off blows his hat in a lady's face;  
Bless me, she cries, why, who can that be?  
'Tis Snip, Ma'am, who made your liv'ry."

A satirical allusion to a fop of a tradesman who was particularly fond of display, and of imitating the bucks of the time. He is represented driving towards the "Goose and Gridiron," on the Brentford Road, and the carriage in which his vulgar dame is seated is drawn by geese in lieu of horses, the sides of the vehicle being formed like a pair of breeches, and the spokes of the wheels are shears; a large cabbage takes the place of the box, on which the knight of the thimble is seated, with a yard and tape-measure tied together for a whip.

#### CARICATURES.

February 23, 1809.—"Mrs. Clarke's Petticoat." A satire on the conduct of the Duke of York, and his mistress, Mrs. Clarke. The lady's under



garment is supported by military boots, and surmounted by a mitre and cocked hat, supported by a crozier, which are enclosed in "The Magic Circle," tied to a pocket filled with gold. The border of the petticoat is inscribed with the motto—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

March 15, 1809.—"The Woman Taken in Adultery; or, Mary the Magdalen." On the same subject as last. Mrs. Clarke is standing rather abashed before George III., who is seated on the throne, his face hidden by a pillar, and is saying, "Woman, where are thine accusers?" to which she replies, "No man, sir." "Neither do I accuse thee, go thy way and traffic so no more." "I don't like that, O." Dr. O'Meara is saying to the Duke of York, who is standing by, "O, me, have I not preached oft and oft on the danger of adultery?" The Duke, who is dressed as a Bishop, answers, "Aye, but that was not in our parish."

November 1, 1811.—"Interior View of the House of God." A satire on Carpenter's meeting-house, and contains a portrait of the minister, who is holding forth. Carpenter's chapel was in Kennington Road, next to the Elephant and Castle, formerly a paper-stainer's workshop. There are a great many incidents introduced, showing the extent to which folly, cant, and hypocrisy can be carried. There is a notice posted up on the right to the following effect:—"Tickets, either to these pews or to heaven, 3s. 6d. each," a remarkably low figure. In the left hand corner of the plate are inserted very good portraits of Robert and George Cruikshank. George is talking to Jones, the publisher, and Robert is pointing to the minister.

March 1, 1812.—"Princely Amusements; or, the Humours of the Family." Shows the interior of the drawing-room at Carlton House. The royal brothers and their mistresses are amusing themselves. The Prince Regent is dancing hands across to the tune of "Off she goes," alluding to the Princess Caroline, who is leaving the room. Another party is occupied at cards, and the Duke of Sussex is smoking and listening to his lady singing. On the wall are portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, he being designated "Tony Lumpkin," and she "Old Snuffy."

June 1, 1812.—"The Antiquarian Society." The chairman is the Earl of Aberdeen, and there are portraits of the Duke of Norfolk, Payne Knight (author of *Worship of Priapus*), Sir Joseph Banks, Rev. T. F. Dibdin (author of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, &c.), Samuel Lysons (author of *Environs of London*, &c.), and other celebrated antiquaries.

1812.—"The Cow-pox Tragedy. Scene the Last." A satire on Dr. Jenner and his discovery, and on the expected downfall of the Royal Jennerian College. Dedicated to the Associated Jennerian Cow-poxers of Glo'ster. A procession in the centre, attending the funeral of "Vaccination, aged 12 years." Above is a monument to its memory, and two vignettes on each side illustrate the failure of its introduction.

September 1, 1812.—"The Coronation of the Empress of the Nairs." The Prince Regent is crowning the Marchioness of Hertford, while the Earl is seen behind, seated beside a statue of Venus, and the royal dukes are gathered around with their mistresses.

October 1, 1812.—“An Excursion to R—— Hall.” The Devil driving a carriage, assisted by Cupid, blindfolded, as a postboy, in which are the Prince Regent and the Marchioness of Hertford, past a “Female Asylum,” where the Prince’s earlier favourites are seen looking from the windows, and upbraiding him with his faithlessness. One of them is saying, “Ah! I remember the time when I myself enjoyed those loves. But he has forgot his poor F.” In the carriage the Marchioness is saying to the Prince, “We have had a glorious ride, my love; it is worth *Half-a-Crown*.” To which he rejoins, “I have not *Half-a-Crown* to give thee; would that I had!” The Earl of Yarmouth, mounted on a donkey, leads the way as an outrider, and Sheridan brings up the rear, also mounted on an ass, saying, “They must e’en go when the Devil drives.”

November 1, 1812.—“The Court of Love, or an Election in the Island of Borneo.” The Marchioness of Hertford, enthroned as Queen, is in the act of being pledged in a bumper by the Prince Regent. The Royal Dukes are assembled round stating their claims for advancement. The Duke of Clarence is saying, “I have lived in Adultery with an Actress 25 years, and have a pretty number of illegitimate children. I hope you will make me an Admiral of the Fleets.” The Duke of York is saying, “I was turned out of the office I now solicit because I was too fond of a married woman, and could not live without committing Adultery. I claim, therefore, to be once more elevated to the office of Commander-in-chief.” A figure of John Bull is shown below driving his daughters away, telling them if they go near the platform they will be ruined.

January 1, 1813.—“Quadrupeds, or Little Boney’s Last Kick.” An allusion to Napoleon’s retreat from Moscow, and represents the Emperor Alexander dressed as a bear holding Buonaparte by one of his legs, and whipping him while Jack Frost lays tight hold of his nose. The Russian infantry, represented as bears, are seen driving the Frenchmen before them across the “Sea of Troubles.”

January 1, 1814.—“Buonaparte, Ambition, and Death.” This plate is divided into three partitions. The first of which is, “Buonaparte, led on by Ambition, seeks ye Conquest of ye World.” The second, “Discomfited at Leipsic, he flies from Death.” The third, “Overtaken by Retribution he trembles for ye future, while ye shades of those whom he has murder’d appear to his Disordered Vision and Death digs his GRAVE.”

March 6, 1814.—“Game of Chesa.” Depicts an interior, in which are four gentlemen, two of whom are playing chess. The two spectators seem as eagerly intent on the game as the players, as you may perceive on scanning their faces, as one of the players appears to be making a false move, which is evidently relished by them and the opposing player.

1813.—“The Relics of a Prophet, or Huntington’s Sale.” A very amusing satire on religious enthusiasm, and shows to what extremes it can be carried. The auctioneer is about to dispose of the prophet’s (Rev. W. Huntington, S.S.) breeches, and a good few elderly ladies are quarrelling over the

same. One is saying, "Knock the breeches down to me at any price!" The auctioneer, who is pulled on one side by a woman, and on the other by a man, appears quite frantic, and is saying, "Ladies, I must beg of you to leave the breeches alone! Going—going! Let them alone! Madam, you will tear the waistband! Going—going—gone!" The gentleman who is pulling the auctioneer's coat is saying, "I'll give fifty guineas for the spectacles." Another is saying, "Thirty pounds for the snuff-box, and any price for the coal-heaver's mantle!" while in another corner of the room a squabble is going on as to whom the chair belongs, one gentleman saying, "Here's a hundred, for I must, I will, have the chair!" another saying, "It was knocked down to me for sixty guineas!" and another gentleman is offering a hundred guineas for the shirt.

April, 1814.—"Mr. Kean in the character of Richard the Third." Sketched from ye life by I. R. Cruikshank. Etched by G. Cruikshank. One of the most important portraits of the greatest English tragedian, produced by the brothers Cruikshank. Kean is depicted at the time when he is about to confront Richmond, his sword is raised ready for striking, and his left hand is placed across the breast, the right foot firmly planted on the ground, while the heel of the left foot is slightly raised.

May 7, 1814.—"The Theatrical Atlas." This is a caricature of Kean in the character of Richard III. He is depicted as carrying Drury Lane Theatre (with "Whitbread's Entire" written on same) on his head and shoulders. This is an allusion to Whitbread the brewer, who was lessee of Drury Lane, engaging Edmund Kean, and by so doing, owing to Kean's enormous success, saving the credit of his firm.

March 3, 1815.—"The Blessings of Peace, or the Curse of the Corn Bill." On the left is a French ship, laden with wheat, which the owners are offering to sell at 50s., but although the people are starving, the landlords are preventing them buying it. One is saying, "We won't have it at any price; we are determined to keep up our own to 80s., and if the Poor can't buy at that price, why, they must starve. We love money too well to lower our rents again, tho' the Income Tax is taken off." Another is saying, "Aye, aye, let 'em starve and be d—d to 'em." A labourer, who is standing by, says, "No, no, masters. I'll not starve, but quit my native country, where the poor are crushed by those they labor to support; and retire to one more hospitable and where the Arts of the Rich do not interpose to defeat the providence of God."

July 1, 1815.—"Nebuchadnezzar's Dream." Comprises three subjects on one plate, all of which testify to the unpopularity of the Prince Regent.

September 1, 1815.—"Napoleon's Trip from Elba to Paris, and from Paris to St. Helena." In three compartments. In the first, Napoleon is seen riding on the French Eagle to Paris after the Battle of Waterloo, and the French army is being driven by the English in the same direction. In the second, Napoleon is on board the Bellerophon, and is addressing John Bull as follows: "My most powerful and most generous enemy, how do you do? I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself upon your hearth. I am very glad to see you."

To which John Bull rejoins : "So am I glad to see you, Mr. Boney ; but I'll be d—d if you sit upon my hearth or any part of my house. It has cost me a pretty round sum to catch you, *Mr. Themistocles*, as you call yourself ; but now I have got you, I'll take care of you !!!" In the third, Napoleon is seen sitting on a stool, with a large rat-trap before him, trying to catch rats, and saying :—

"Alas ! that I who caught Imperial flats,  
Should now sit here to watch these scurvy rats ;  
I, who Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow took,  
Am doomed with cheese to bait a rusty hook !  
Was it for this I tried to save my bacon,  
To use it now for rats that won't be taken ?  
Curse their wise souls : I had not half such trouble  
Their European brethren to bubble.  
When I myself was hailed as Emperor Nap,  
Emperors and Kings I had within my trap,  
And to this moment might have kept them there,  
Had I not gone to hunt the Russian Bear."

November 1, 1815.—"The Progress of Disappointment ; or the Hopes of a Day." Three subjects on one sheet. First—A meeting of a joint stock company in which the chairman is saying "Gentlemen, depend upon it this is a flourishing concern, for though you get nothing yet, you will be sure to have something at last ; only subscribe a little more money and it will all come in a lump." All the shareholders have very disconsolate faces, and one is saying, "They call this a Joint Stock Company ; I think it will be a joint loss one." Second—"A Bankrupt Settling with his Creditors." The bankrupt is saying to his creditors, who seem to be quite overcome with the news, "Here I am, gentlemen ; do with me as you please ; my body is yours, but my Chattels are gone to the devil. I assure you I conceal nothing, for I have nothing to conceal." Third—"A Legacy Forgotten." The son of the deceased is saying to his cousin—"Just as my poor father wrote these words he expired. I know he meant to do something handsome for you, and as I wish to fulfil his intentions, pray accept this mourning ring." To which the cousin replies, "I assure you I most deeply lament my uncle's death—just at that moment. Oh that he had lived a minute longer. What a d—d hurry he must have been in."

January, 1816.—"A Scene at the London Museum, Piccadilly, or a Peep at the Spoil of Ambition, taken at the Battle of Waterloo, being a new Tax on John Bull for 1816, &c., &c." A satire on the struggle that was made by the public to view the carriage and other effects of Napoleon which were taken at Waterloo.

June 1, 1816.—"A Bazaar." Intended to show the improper uses such places are put to. John Bull is depicted in the centre, with his wife and daughter. His wife is saying : "O, John, I've bought such pretty things, now don't look so cross." His daughter is saying : "O, Pa, that nice young Hoffer told me I was just like that picture of *Wenus*. O, dear Pa, what a





*The Peaceably Nuisance: Devotion to the Wholly Ridiculous by the School*







sweet place, everything so cheap," while John Bull says: "Yes, and your poor father, and all his honest industrious family will be bankrupts—hussy, curse such innovations, I say." On the left a gentleman is whispering to a lady who holds a book in her hand, the title of which is "Innocent Adultery," "Dear Countess, your husband's gone into the other room; I've slipped a letter in that book naming time and place." And she answers: "Very well, you rogue, be punctual."

January 3, 1817.—"Le Retour de Paris, or the Niece presented to her Relations by her French Governess." A satire on French innovations in dress on the establishment of peace between France and England. A worthy couple are expressing astonishment at the appearance of their niece, who has been brought from Paris by a French governess, and is dressed in the height of fashion.

September 15, 1817.—"A R—y—l Visit to a Foreign Capital; or, the Ambassador not at Home!" April, 1817.—Queen Caroline is seated in an open carriage, with Count Bergami, &c. Two black men are behind, and another on the box with a servant in livery. The carriage is drawn by six horses, and preceded by a trumpeter on horseback, who announces the arrival at the English Ambassador's house. Her Majesty observes to Bergami, "This palace will lodge us well, Sir *Bergamot*," and but little anticipating her reception. In this plate the Queen is displaying a great deal of her bosom, but afterwards this was altered, it being covered, and there were also some minor variations made.

September 15, 1817.—"R—y—l Condescension, or a Foreign Minister astonished." April, 1817.—Queen Caroline seated, dressed in Eastern costume of a scanty kind, and presenting her suite to Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador. Her suite consists of Bergami, two other gentlemen, a lady, and "Billy Austin." The great diplomatist is observing that "Her R—l H—s is really too condescending." Refers to the rumours affecting Queen Caroline's reputation which preceded the "Bill of Pains and Penalties."

January 1, 1818.—"The Art of Walking the Streets of London." Plate 1: Four subjects on one sheet—How to carry an umbrella; How to turn a corner; How to clear the streets; How to attract public notice. Plate 2: Four subjects on one sheet: How to stop up the passage; How to make the most of the mud; How to carry a stick; How to get into the watch-house. These eight designs are very humorous, and will well bear inspection.

January 10, 1818.—"The Sailor's Progress—sic transit gloria mundi." Six compartments in two rows, each division containing a subject. This shows the progress of a sailor in a humorous manner, viz., Entering as Landsman; Carousing on board; In Irons for getting drunk; Boarding a French brig (in which he is depicted as the first on board); Promoting to Boatswain, and exercising his authority; Laid up a Greenwich pensioner (relating his adventures).

October 10, 1818.—"Puzzled Which to Choose; or the King of Timbuctoo offering one of his Daughters in Marriage to Capt. ———; anticipated result of ye African Mission." The King seated on a stone, with ostrich feathers as

a head dress, a small sword stuck through his left ear and a large ring in his nose, is very kindly offering his three daughters for Captain Marryat to select a wife from. The three ladies, in exceedingly scanty costume, are practising their blandishments on the Captain, who is evidently in a very trying situation. The body guard stands behind the King, their spears being ornamented with human skulls. Near them are the ladies of the Court. The Captain's guard of honour appear to be enjoying the scene. George Cruikshank etched this plate from Captain Marryat's design.

November 9, 1818.—"An Interesting Scene on Board an East Indiaman, showing the Effects of a Heavy Lurch after Dinner." Another of Captain Marryat's designs, showing an incident in the state cabin in consequence of the vessel giving a sudden lurch while the passengers are at dessert. A stout lady, to save herself from falling, seizes one of her neighbours by the nose and another by the hip, who in turn pours scalding coffee down his neighbour's throat. The floor is strewn with shot and children, a bulldog has seized the leg of the coffee drinker, and altogether the place is in hopeless confusion.

November 14, 1818.—"The T Trade in Hot Water ! or, A Pretty Kettle of Fish !!! Dedicated to T. Canister and T. Spoon, Esquires." Meant to satirise the adulteration of tea by the grocers. On the top are the following words : "The nefarious and abominable practice of mixing teas with various cheap ingredients of the most poisonous qualities has already been sufficiently exposed !!! because their practices are calculated to produce disease if not death.—Vide *Observer*, Nov. 8, 1818."

January 10, 1819.—"The French Artist." Shows the artist sitting painting in a miserable garret. He has no stockings, only one boot, which is so worn that his toes are coming through ; his shirt is in tatters, and he has on a very old cloak. He is depicted at work on a picture of Jupiter and Danae. A hand is passing through a hole in the door a paper inscribed, "Memoires à Payer." Altogether, the artist appears to be in an abject state of poverty.

January 18, 1819.—"Landing the Treasures, or Results of the Polar Expedition !!!" Refers to Sir John Ross's expedition, the fruits of which were deposited at Whitehall, December 17, 1818.

February 12, 1819.—"The Head Ache." An old man is sitting by the fire in an arm-chair, with a phial in his hand, from which he has taken physic, which has failed to afford him any relief for his complaint, which is personified by six little imps, one of whom hammers him with a mallet, another is boring holes in his head with an auger, and a third performs a similar operation with a centre-bit ; the fourth blows a trumpet in his left ear, the fifth shouts in his right, and the sixth brings forth the red-hot poker to complete the job.

February 12, 1819.—"The Cholic." Companion picture to the last. An old woman, sitting on a sofa, and in excruciating pain, caused by a small rope tied round her waist, and kept tight by two devils, assisted by a goodly number of imps, so as to allow two imps to dance on it. There are other imps assisting, torturing the old lady still further with needles, forks, etc.

May 25, 1819.—“A Visit to Cockney Farm, Viewing the Grounds, etc., etc.—i.e., being dragged through *mud* and *mire* by your Cockney friend (who has lately taken a seat in the Country), to show the *improvements* and his ignorance in Farming.” A very humorous plate of some cockney ladies and gentlemen being led across the slush in the farmyard by the would-be farmer, who seems to be very proud of his dung heap, especially at the fact of its having been accumulated so quickly. The words put into the mouths of the farmer, his wife, and son, are very suggestive.

July 19, 1819.—“The New Union Club, being a representation of what took place at a celebrated Dinner given by a celebrated — Society.—*Vide* Mr. M—r—t’s pamphlet, entitled ‘More Thoughts,’ etc., etc.” Represents an anti-slavery meeting, which is of a most lively description, the bulk of those assembled being negroes. Wilberforce is in the chair, and is giving the following toast—“Brothers, I’ll give you the Black Joke ! with three times three, upstanding and uncovered ;” but they are not taking much notice of him, being occupied in drinking, love-making, and fighting. A negro is standing on the table delivering a speech, while Billy Waters is dancing on a tub near and playing his fiddle. Zachary Macaulay is sitting on a chair, with a very stout elderly negress sitting on his lap, a position which he does not appreciate as much as the lady ; he is hanging his head down, and the lady is saying, “I say, Massa Cawley, why you nebber look a body in a face ?” There are a good many pictures hanging against the wall, appertaining to the subject under discussion. One of them is the apotheosis of Wilberforce, and represents him as an angel carried to heaven by two blacks, while cherubims of the same complexion hover around. The most important of George’s early caricatures. It is one of the largest, and contains a vast amount of work. It is not only a very scarce, but a very valuable one. Indeed, I believe it is the most valuable.

October 1, 1819.—“To Henry Hunt, Esq., as Chairman of the meeting assembled on St. Peter’s Fields, Manchester, on the 16th of August, 1819, and to the Female Reformers of Manchester and the adjacent Towns, who were exposed to, and suffered from, the Wanton and Furious Attack made on them by that Brutal Armed Force, the Manchester and Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, this Plate is dedicated by their Fellow Labourer, Richard Carlile.” A satire on the inhuman conduct of the Manchester Yeomanry at the Peterloo meeting. They, along with the Cheshire Yeomanry, are shown, charging and indiscriminately attacking men, women, and children. Henry Hunt is on the platform, with uplifted arm and asking them to desist. Mr. Axon, in *The Annals of Manchester*, says : “The object of this meeting, dispersed in this bloody fashion, was to petition for Parliamentary reform. No reliable evidence was ever brought forward that the Riot Act was publicly read before the dispersal of the crowd by the yeomanry and military. Eleven persons were killed and several hundreds wounded. Many of these were women. The effect of Peterloo was very important, for it united the reformers of all classes, and was the beginning of the movement which carried into law the Reform Bill of 1832.” For fuller details, I must refer to the book itself.

February 29, 1820.—“Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians.” George IV., in Roman attire, standing in front of the screen at Carlton House, and confronting the Liberals. The persons in the front rank of the mob are first on the left, Preston, a bootmaker; on his left is Dr. Watson, next him is Thistlewood, then Carlile and William Cobbett, on whose shoulder leans Henry Hunt, with Woolner, editor of the *Black Dwarf*, before him. These are the Radicals. Next are the Reformers. Major Cartwright, with his sword of “Universal Suffrage;” behind him is Thelwall; in front of them is John Cam Hobhouse, holding by the Herculean club of Sir Francis Burdett, behind whom is Douglas Kinnaird, Alderman Waithman, Hone the publisher, and George Cruikshank. One of George’s most successful caricatures, in point of execution, and deserves to be ranked as amongst his best efforts.

April 23, 1820.—“Freedom and Purity of Election! Showing the Necessity of Reform in Close Boroughs.” On the same subject as the last two, viz., Reform. A View of a village, with a sign-post pointing to Tregony and St. Austell. A steward is saying, “Out with ‘em! Out with their beds! I kept them in debt on purpose. They’ll vote according to their conscience, will they. I’ll let ‘em know that they are nothing but his Lordship’s slaves, and I am slave driver.” While saying this, he is driving the poor people from their homes. Old men, weeping women and children are being turned out, because they or their relations have voted against their landlord’s wishes. The unsuccessful candidate (whom Mr. Reid says is Daniel O’Connell, but looks to me much more like Captain Marryatt) is saying, “Do not be downcast, my lads, there are other houses besides his lordship’s. I’ll not desert you, although we have lost the election.”

April 7, 1821.—“The Royal Extinguisher, or the King of Brobdingnag and the Lilliputians.”—Represents the discomfiture of the Queen and her partisans, by the “Speech from the Throne,” which the King holds over the party in the form of an extinguisher.

January 25, 1822.—“A Cure for Drowsiness, or A Pinch of Cephalic.” Represents a gouty old man, seated in a high-backed chair, in the act of sneezing while taking a pinch of snuff. In the corner of the plate are the following words: “Etched by G. Cruikshank, from a sketch by the late Jas. Gillray.” George Cruikshank told a friend of mine that Gillray commenced the plate, and that he only finished it, which is no doubt correct, as it has more of the Gillray than Cruikshank in it, as anyone conversant with Gillray’s works will perceive.

June 25, 1822.—“A Party of Pleasure.” Dedicated to the Funny Club. A very humorous description of a boating party upset in the middle of the Thames. One gentleman’s hands are alone visible, as he has, unfortunately for him, grasped a lady’s wig, instead of something that would have given him support. Another, who has been playing the flute, is falling backwards, in consequence of a lady embracing his knees. A stout lady is falling face foremost into the water.

December 4, 1822.—“Recipe for Corns.” An old maid in her bedroom, who is attentively reading a long recipe, at the same time trying to stir the

ingredients of same, with the result that she upsets the pan and sets the place on fire. The place is strewn with bottles, jars, phials of every description, containing the ingredients for mixing the recipe. Various companions of old maids—such as dogs, cats, cockatoo, &c., play about the room. There is a rather amusing picture of "Susannah and the Elders" hung against the wall.

March 20, 1823.—"Fashionable Movements: or, The Stray Birds Frightened out of France." A satire on the flight of the rich English from Paris, owing to the popular discontent at Charles X.'s government. They are chickens with human heads, and are flying in great disorder, pursued by a comic figure of Death. He is accompanied by the guillotine, and a figure emblematical of a prison. John Bull is on the opposite shore laughing, and saying, "Well, I should be sorry to see any of 'em hurt, but dang it, I be glad they got a bit of a fright, just to send 'em home. Rot 'em, a set of ungenerous birds, to feed on my grain and lay their *golden eggs* in other people's farm yards, while I be half starving at home."

June 14, 1824.—"The Advantages of Travel: or, A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing." Plate 1: Two Frenchmen in conversation; one endeavours to let his friends see his proficiency in the English language, and the following dialogue takes place:—"Comment se porte mon ami?" "Moi, I am jost come from de England." "Aha! you vas just come over from de England? Den how you like de Bif?" "Le Bif roti is charmant à Londres." "Yase, dat is vrai, bote je prefere le Rum Tek." "Le Rum Tek! Vat is de Rum Tek?" "Voyez-vous, it is toujours de Bif Tek, mais—bote—day call it Rum Tek, ba-cause day pote de *Rum in de Sauce*." Plate 2: This is the companion picture to the last, and in this the Englishman, having been to Paris, is descanting to a friend on the French cookery. "Ah! Jack, how are ye?" "Devilish well, just crost the water—been to Paris!" "Well, how did ye like the cooking?" "Confounded good, 'pon my soul. Liked their *Harrico-Blong* best?" "What's Harrico-Blong?" "What's Harrico-Blong! Why, you know what Harrico is, don't ye?" "To be sure. It's mutton chops and carrots and turnips, with wedgables." "Very well then. *That's it!* and *Blong* you know's the name of the *first cook as made it*." "Oh aye, so it is—I remember now!"

June 15, 1824.—"Ostend Packet in a Squall." Interior of a cabin, with berths ranged on each side. All the usual amusing incidents of sea sickness are depicted. The squall is supposed to have taken place during dinner, and is attended with the usual ludicrous results.

"Monstrosities of 1816, 1818, 1819, 1821, 1822, 1824." These six plates are satires on the extravagant fashions of dress in those years. They are all very humorous and highly diverting.

In 1819 he commenced to illustrate the political pamphlets issued by William Hone; and although a great number of his designs for them are very rude in execution, yet they served to establish his reputation as the first comic draughtsman of the day. Among the principal of these are "The Political A Apple Pie," "The Political House that Jack Built," "The Man in the Moon," "Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," "Non Mi Ricordo," "Doll Tear Sheet," "The

Green Bag," "A Groan from the Throne," "The Political Showman at Home," "Slap at Slop," &c., &c. I have not space to say much about these. They were very successful, and had an enormous sale. It is said a quarter of a million copies were sold. In them the Prince Regent and his unpopular Ministry had plenty of abuse and ridicule liberally showered on them. In the "Political House that Jack Built," the Regent is spoken of as follows:—

"This is The Man, all shaven and shorn,  
All covered with Orders, and all forlorn;  
The Dandy of Sixty who bows with a grace,  
And has taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace,"

and so on. In the "Queen's Matrimonial Ladder" he is depicted drunk in a chair, the very picture of brutish sensuality. But the best one to my mind is in "Non mi Ricordo," where he is on the grill, being well roasted by two devils, and underneath are the words "The *Fat* in the Fire." With the "Queen's Matrimonial Ladder" was given a small toy, a specimen of which is rare.

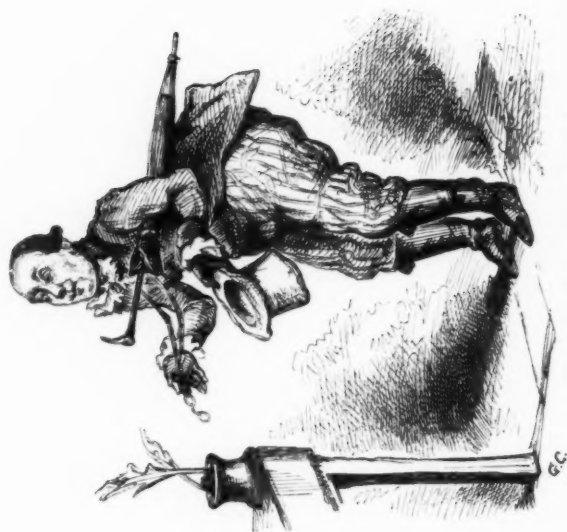
One of the most striking plates executed for Hone was his "Bank Note, Not to be Imitated." I will give you George's own account of the origin of this plate. "Fifty-eight years back, from this date (1876), there were 'one pound' Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, many forged notes were in circulation also, or being 'passed,' the punishment for which offence was in some cases transportation, in others, *Death*. At this period, having to go early one morning to the Royal Exchange, I passed Newgate Jail, and saw several persons suspended from the gibbet, *two* of these were women who had been executed for passing *one pound* forged notes.

"I determined, if possible, to put a stop to such a terrible punishment for such a crime, and made a sketch of the above note, and then an etching of it.

"Mr. Hone published it, and it created a *sensation*. The Directors of the Bank of England were exceedingly wrath. The crowd round Hone's shop, in Ludgate Hill, was so great that the Lord Mayor had to send the police to clear the street. The notes were in such demand that they could not be printed fast enough, and I had to sit up all one night to etch another plate. Mr. Hone realised above £700, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged after this for passing one pound forged Bank of England notes.

"The issue of my Bank Note, Not to be Imitated, not only put a stop to the issue of any more Bank of England One Pound Notes, but also put a stop to the punishment of death for such an offence—not only for that, but likewise for forgery—and then the late Sir Robert Peel revised the Penal Code, so that the final effect of *my note* was to stop the hanging for all minor offences, and has thus been the means of saving thousands of men and women from being hanged." In this I think there is no doubt that George assumes far too much, as there were other means used to obtain this end, but George evidently felt sure in his own mind that it was so, and even went so far as to say that he considered it the most important design and etching that he had ever made in his life.





LISTON AS "PAUL PRY."







Up to 1820, George illustrated about 150 books, tracts, chap-books, &c. The tracts and chap-books for the most part have a frontispiece only. The principal books are *Boziana*, three plates, 1812. *Annals of Gallantry*, 1814, three plates. *Life of Napoleon*, 1815, thirty plates. *The Greeks*. *The Pigeons and Fashion*, each with six illustrations, in 1817. *The British Stage and Literary Cabinet*, first two volumes, with nineteen illustrations of actors and actresses, also in 1817. *Wits' Magazine and Attic Miscellany*, with sixteen plates, and *Modern Belles*, with six plates, in 1818. *The Ton*, and *Modern Beaux*, each with six plates, in 1819, and *The Humourist*, four volumes, each volume ten illustrations, 1819-20.

*The Life of Napoleon*, published in 1815, contains some of the very best designs ever executed by George Cruikshank. These, I think, are the pick:—"Napoleon blowing-up his Comrades," "Massacre at Toulon," "Bridge of Lodi," "Siege of Acre," "Crossing the Alps," "Retreat from Moscow," and "Landing in Elba."

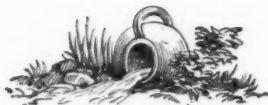
*The Humourist*, in four volumes, published in 1819-20, is a collection of entertaining tales, anecdotes, epigrams, bon-mots, etc. Each volume contains nine full-page etchings, and a small vignette on the title-page. This is a book that lends itself very well to George Cruikshank's style of illustration, and the result is one of his happiest efforts in book illustrating. Some people class this as his masterpiece; but, although I rate it very highly indeed, there is certainly one (if not more) book I should myself accord a higher place, but this is outside the scope of this paper. Any way, *The Humourist* must be classed amongst his very best productions. Each full-page plate has appropriate vignettes above and below, illustrating phases of the stories and anecdotes that are not represented in the principal composition. The plates illustrating the anecdotes of Foote and Jemmy Wright, "The Bashful Man," "The Whiskers," "Daniel Lambert and the Dancing Bears," "The Pilgrims and the Peas," "Trotting," "Tit for Tat," and "The Irish Gentleman and his Apple Tree," are among the best.

It will be apparent to all that in the political caricatures, George, in nearly all cases, was on the popular side. It was a matter of business to him, and he was quite ready at any time to execute designs for either party, but I suppose that most money was to be made by espousing the popular cause, and the result was that very few were done by him on the unpopular side. He was very severe on the Prince Regent and his royal brothers, and he also espoused the cause of Queen Caroline very heartily, as you will perceive on studying the political pamphlets he executed for William Hone, but, nevertheless, you will find some very severe strictures on her conduct in some of his caricatures, notably in the two published in 1817, where she appears with Count Bergami, etc., showing that it was more a matter of business with him than of political conviction.

George Cruikshank, like Rowlandson and Gillray, not only etched his own designs, but other people's, and, of course, improved them in the process. In every case, I believe, he acknowledges his indebtedness on the plate, which Gillray rarely did. Some of the best designs he etched were received from Captain Marryat, notably the "New Union Club," &c.

In George Cruikshank's early days there is no doubt that he took Gillray as his model. He was intimate with him, and always thought him the first man in his own line. He said, in his later years, "Gillray was a man, sir, to whom I was not worthy to hold a candle!" He also remarked that he would rather be James Gillray than King of England. With this opinion I cordially agree, for although Gillray could be coarser, he could be more refined than George Cruikshank. Gillray could draw a beautiful woman and a good-looking man, which was utterly beyond Cruikshank. In fact, the drawing of his women is Cruikshank's greatest defect, one which he never mastered; indeed, it appears to me, the older he got the worse he drew female faces. Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, Isaac and Robert Cruikshank, Bunbury, H. K. Browne, John Leech and Caldecott in their own special way, could all draw lovely faces, but he never. But if he did not possess this faculty he had many excellencies—the chief of which is his power of expression. He was a great observer of men, not only their outward appearance, but their character. His memory was very accurate (in fact, it is said he never used a note-book to jot down what he saw, but always carried it in his head), and he put into his designs what he saw. They are full of life and movement. In portraying anything weird or grotesque, he stood unrivalled. Then last, but not least, he possessed a remarkably strong sense of humour. I will defy anyone with reasonable risible faculties to gaze long on his works without laughing.

I must express my indebtedness to the following works in the compilation of this paper: Reid's *Descriptive Catalogue*, Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of George Cruikshank*, Frederick Wedmore's Article on Cruikshank, in *Temple Bar*, April 1878; William Bates' Pamphlet on *George Cruikshank*, and Everett's *Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century*.





## THE DEVIL'S WELL.

BY RICHARD HOOKE.

THE scene of my little story lies within the skirts of that beautiful chain of mountains on the north-east coast of Ireland, known as the Mourne Range. A deep and rugged valley, or glen, stretches far into the centre of one section of these mountains, barren, rocky, dangerous, and at length inaccessible; having its source in a dark mysterious cavern, whose damp and dungeon depths have never been trodden by the foot of man. Out of this issues a stream of water of icy coldness, which comes tumbling down through the rocky glen and falls into a lake below of considerable extent and profound depth. This lake is encircled by a morass or dismal swamp of great extent. Wide tracts covered by all manner of aquatic plants, beds of the beautiful water lily, with its leaves large and graceful in form as a painter's palette, spread upon the surface of the water, and the water lily itself, resting, like Wordsworth's swan, on its own "inverted self," mirrored in the calm and stagnant pool. Outside still, lie the broad and dangerous tracts, more densely covered by the deceitful swamp grass, tangled weeds, and all the nameless growth of faithless quag and boggy fen; the home of the coot, the moor hen, the lapwing, and the fertile fishing ground of the tall and solitary heron, but above all was this lake and "dismal swamp" notable as a favourite haunt of that weird and awe inspiring phenomenon, Ignis Fatuus,

or "Will o' the Wisp," of whom more anon. A short distance to the left of the ravine above described, stands an ancient mound, in the centre of which is a cromlech, somewhat like a Druid's altar, consisting of four large stones surmounted with a fifth of immense size and weight. This, the legend tells, is the grave of a terrible Irish chieftain of ancient days, prehistoric I should say, as we are told that he "fed his coal-black steed on the flesh of his slaughtered foes." This grave is alluded to in one of the most ancient Irish ballads as—

The grave of the great M'Caurro,  
In the northern mountain lone,  
Where the fairy thorn weeps in sorrow  
Over his mouldering stone.

From this point, right across the lake, and a short way up another smaller and partially wooded valley, is situated "Spunkie's Spring, or The Devil's Well." This well has been ever regarded by the inhabitants of that sparsely peopled district as a place to be religiously avoided when night has donn'd her sable mantle, because the legend tells that on a certain night in each year the terrible coal-black steed of the ancient chieftain comes champing down the valley, round the lake, and up to this well, where he quenches his thirst, and is there joined by other servants of the Prince of Darkness; from thence they repair to the chieftain's grave, where some dark council is held, or "deed without a name" performed. Ignis Fatuus, before mentioned, is faithful attendant on these orgies of M'Caurro's anniversary—

When, lo ! at the dead of the midnight damp,  
Is heard the bit and the bridle champ  
Of the coal-black steed, and his heavy tramp  
Down through the valley lone ;  
Then the mystic sprite of the meteor lamp  
Comes gliding over the dismal swamp,  
And they meet by the mouldering stone.

This mysterious object of awe and superstition, *he or it*, is known by various names in various parts of the country. In some parts of England he is called "Jack-o'-Lantern," in others "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and in many parts of Scotland and North of Ireland he is known as the "Devil's Spunkie." Some of you will recollect in Burns' famous "Address to the Diel" the following lines:—

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies  
Decoy the wight wha late and drunk is,  
The bleezin', curs'd, mischievous monkeys  
Delude his eyes,  
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
Ne'er mair to rise.

No doubt scientists, who recklessly interfere with all our most cherished beliefs, would tell us that it is produced by phosphoric or gaseous exhalations from stagnant pools or sulphurous springs, but the latest writers on the subject admit that many of its actions and peculiarities have never been satisfactorily explained. "Will," however, was no unfamiliar sight to me in my early days, and I prefer holding, with the poet above quoted, to the belief held by his revered granny and mine, that "Spunkie" has some family relationship, or, at least, business connection with the arch enemy. Be that as it may, the lonely lake, the dismal swamp, and above all, "Spunkie's Spring," were his favourite haunts. On sultry nights, in the latter end of summer or autumn, I have seen him wander over the lake, across the fen, and up the burn or rivulet as far as the spring called by his name, and hover round this for hours; and not unfrequently, joined by a companion, I have once or twice been one of the foolhardy wights who have tried to come to close quarters with him of the spectre lamp, but in this I have never known one to succeed, for as soon as we approach the spot, he vanishes, or appears again at some undefined distance.

About eighty years ago, in a pretty cottage a mile or two from Spunkie's Spring, resided a widow lady and her only child, a delicate girl of eighteen. The old lady fell sick and died, and the orphan girl was so stricken by the sudden blow and the sad scene of death, that reason fled; the heart was broken, she became a wandering, though harmless maniac, and was kindly regarded by the dwellers around, and known as "poor, crazy Anne." Whether from its wild and solitary situation, or the beauty of its scenery, Spunkie's Spring had a strange fascination for this desolate maiden. When the weather was mild she would wander to the well almost daily. Through the long summer afternoons would she sit by its brink, stringing wild flowers and singing weird and melancholy strains, till the sun sank and the shades of evening gathered round. Oft she would tell how "in the gloamin'," as she wept and gazed into the deep and silent waters, the lovely spirit of her mother would appear, and smile and beckon to her from the dim skies of a far nether world. At length poor Anne was missed from her wonted walks; search was made, and soon directed to her favourite haunt, the well; and, lo! close by its brink, cold, stiff, discoloured, and dead, lay this poor child of misfortune. A jury—ignorant, no doubt, of the real facts of the case, and supported by medical opinion—found the cause of death in an epileptic fit, but the shrewd and enlightened natives and grey-haired matrons still aver that the fatal night was that of M'Caurro's anniversary, and that the deed was the deed of "Spunkie" and his infernal companions.

Let me conclude by retailing a minor tragedy, happening under my own experience, in connection with the Devil's Well. In my boyhood we possessed an outlying farm of land, a point of which stretched up to the end of the valley in which the well was situated. Down this



valley, by the well, and on to the lake, was to me and my young companions, almost daily, an excursion of the most wild delight. The well was very large and very deep, and its waters must have been most favourable to animal life, for we soon had it stocked with small fish and other aquatic creatures, all of which seemed to thrive admirably. At length we had the good or bad fortune to capture from the lake a magnificent specimen of the pike or "freshwater shark," as he is called, and him we bore in triumph, and with great rejoicings, to the Devil's Well. Our knowledge of the dwellers of the deep was then too limited to know the true character of this our new tenant. You have all, no doubt, heard of the "good time coming," when the "lion shall lie down with the lamb" (*inside* of him, perchance). On the very day of the introduction of this monster to his new habitation, and before the going down of the sun, "King Jack" was sole monarch of all he surveyed, and that night lay down in peace, with every living creature that was in the well inside of him! From that day we called his name "Jehoram," in honour of that exemplary Hebrew prince, of whom we read, "And Jehosaphat slept with his fathers, and Jehoram his son reigned in his stead. Then Jehoram straightway slew all his brethren and kinsmen, and all the princes that were of the blood royal, great and small, who might share his inheritance," &c. It has been said that no creature exists so wicked but who has some good or redeeming quality, if it were only known, and our modern Jehoram soon made himself an object of some interest at least. If ever a creature existed totally void of pity, love, or fear, it was Jehoram. He soon learned to come to the surface on my approach, and look me full in the face; his great mouth with a sort of suppressed smile from ear to ear, his low merciless forehead, and his great round honest

eyes, indicating his sincere belief that the most atrocious deed he could commit was the very right thing to do. The son of Jakeh said there were "three things, yea four, which never said enough," and Jehoram's appetite might have numbered the fifth; he refused nothing from our hands, and though he must have known that I was his best friend, he always betrayed disappointment that my hand, or a few fingers at least, did not form part of the prey. I never knew Jehoram to be indisposed but once, and that was only a slight attack of indigestion, brought on by a too hurried lunch on four kittens and two young rooks. A six hours' course of hydropathic treatment, however, restored him to perfect convalescence. Some think that a day of retribution awaits all evil doers, and Jehoram's day was approaching. One dull November morning, on an excursion to the well, we noticed through the mist what looked very like an old woman with a grey cloak over her head, gazing intently into the well; on nearer approach we found it to be one of those tall and powerful fishing birds—the larger heron—whose long, sharp, and powerful beaks are so fatal to the finny tribes, and whose stroke—from a wounded bird, Goldsmith relates—has been known to pass right through the calf of a strong man's leg. "A kingdom for a gun!" but the wish was scarce expressed when the "avenger of blood" spread forth his mighty wings and sped him away. On repairing to the well, tragic is the tale! There lay Jehoram, his broad and silvery breast turned to the sky, stark, motionless, and dead as a stone. No doubt, on the approach of the gaunt and grisly visitant, Jehoram, who knew no fear, had come to the surface, as was his wont, and received the terrible dart right in the eye, into the brain, and so perished the last grim tyrant of the Devil's Well.



## PYTHAGORAS AND INDIA.

BY H. H. HOWORTH, M.P.

THE distinction between Greek and Barbarian is one which comes naturally to us all, and is one which every man of culture is especially disposed to emphasize. That the world is divided into two strata, a thin superior stratum in which philosophers are found, and a thicker and ruder layer in which the common herd take shelter, is very generally conceded by superior people. Nor is it always easy to grant that both strata are formed at bottom of the same paste, and that the veneering element, like the cream in the bowl, is only a superior secretion from the blue milk below. Leaving metaphor aside, let us apply ourselves to a concrete case. To the student of classical times Greece dominates the position so completely, and fills up the canvas, whether we look at literature or art, or even at politics (Roman civilisation being only a reflection of Greek as moonlight is of sunlight), that it is difficult to think of any part of it being otherwise than Greek, and to realize that after all Greece was only a fragment of Europe, and Europe a small continent among four. The products of the Greek mind at its best are so perfect—when we measure them by

human standards—so immeasurably superior to what had been done elsewhere, and, in some respects, to what has been since done elsewhere, that we are apt to begin by considering the Greek as specially inspired, and as made of a different material to ourselves. We find in the Italian Renaissance a bold and vigorous effort made to rival the triumphs of old Greece, by men whom we rightly deem to have been very much more highly endowed than men now living, with the gifts of the artist. We see these great men of the 16th century lagging far behind the great men of the age of Pericles in Greece, and treating the majestic repose, grace, and finish of the older masters as the *ne plus ultra* of art and poetry, while all other men and schools have failed to reach even the standard gained by the middle age folk in Europe, and we are apt to conclude that there were giants in the old days, specially gifted, specially endowed, made of other materials than ourselves, and standing really and not metaphorically on an Olympian height to which modern mortals cannot aspire.

It is easy to see that, as in the Italian Renaissance, and the best artistic period of any country, the contemporaries of Pericles did not jump into their foremost place without a period of apprenticeship and training. We can, in fact, trace the story for some distance, for in sculpture, in painting, in poetry, and in philosophy we can put our hands on more than one *earlier* stage of growth, as we can upon more than one *later* stage of decay and decadence, and can see that the best was, as all human effort is, but the highest point in a rising and an ebbing tide of power. This fact increases the *primâ facie* suspicion that what we so much admire is entirely home grown, is, from beginning to end, the natural growth of the Greek soil, owing obligations to no other source, and constituting the Greek from the beginning an entirely different being from the Barbarian.

It is thus that Pausanias, the native historian of Greek art, constructs a very plausible pedigree for most of the crafts in which the Greek was superior, and eventually traces them to their fountain sources in certain early Cretans or Greeks, to whom are attributed the actual inventions of the arts of the sculptor, the painter, the enameller, the moulder, the potter, etc. This highly patriotic, and, perhaps, natural opinion of the origin of Greek art, as viewed by Pausanias, was transferred to the modern historians of art, and for a while it was the fashion with them to treat these quaint stories as worthy of some credit, and as really based upon some authority. It was forgotten that a Greek living in the third century A.D. could not be an authority of supreme value upon the artistic products of nine or ten centuries before, unless he had access to historical materials of whose existence we have no evidence; that the temple records and the inscriptions on statues, etc., were at least not older than the introduction of writing, while the legends attaching to particular works of art were of the same value as corresponding legends elsewhere. No doubt, by examining the oldest temples, very crude and early forms were discovered, which it was seen from internal evidence were the precursors of less rude specimens, and so on till the better-attested remains were reached, and so far the chain was perfect; but it was in these early links that the difficulty really arose, and it was only when modern critical methods were applied to them that the weakness of the argument was shown.

Rudeness has two aspects. It may be the initial step towards perfection of a master in his prentice stage, or it may be the imitation by rough hands of a nobler and a better model. The older theory of the beginnings of Greek art, which postulated that Minerva was born on Greek soil,

having in her ample head the whole body of ancient culture, took the former view, and treated these rude beginnings as the natural start of a race beginning its own culture from the starting place. The later and more critical school sees everywhere in these rude beginnings reflections, rough copies, and inspiration in form, in decoration, in idea, in technique of and from the works of the older races, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and the Hittites, and this view now prevails almost universally among the more scientific students of art. Again, it is well known that, although the human mind is a most subtle instrument, and multifarious in skill and capacity, that two human races which are completely isolated exceedingly seldom hit upon the same discovery in the arts, the same ornaments or the same forms, save in the very simplest and rudest of human products; and when we see in two different areas a similarity not merely in general outline but in details, and not in one instance but in many, we may be sure that there has been an interchange of ideas, and that the ruder forms, if contemporary, are an imitation of the more perfect ones. We may go further. Art, like a tree, has a perfectly natural development along certain definite lines, and we can foretell in a measure the flower from the seed. If presently, when the progress has been quite continuous along certain lines, we find a sudden change, a new departure along a fresh groove—such a departure, for instance, as Japanese art has taken during the last twenty years—we may be sure that we have to summon the same explanation as that given by a gardener when a branch of a camellia produces scarlet blossoms, whereas the rest of the tree produces white ones only—we must formulate a foreign graft upon the old stock.

This is a general law—a law which applies to Greek art as well as to that of the Japanese. In both cases we first need the seeds to be planted, and when the tree has grown,

if we find a new line taken, we may be fairly certain that a new graft has been imported from somewhere. Just as when in walking down some muddy river we come to a point where a clear blue stream begins to run alongside of the murky water we have been in company with, we may be sure that another tributary, tapping another area where different conditions prevail, has joined our immortal Irwell. This generalisation is now widely accepted in the world of art. Art begins with most races by the planting of seeds from other areas, where it has already developed considerably. The new soil, the new climate, the new gardener, the new conditions, do not more surely modify the American field flower in our greenhouse than does the new human thought modify the artistic growth thus sown; and although when fully developed, the mother country and the colony (speaking of art only) may have produced widely divergent products in which the colonial product shall far outstrip that of the older country, there can be no mistake about both having diverged from a common standard or common root. There can be no doubt, to revert to our earlier phrases, that Greek and Barbarian at bottom are made of the same paste. What is true of art is true also of literature. Many races seem absolutely sterile until the seeds of literature are brought into them from outside. The Danish pirates needed contact with the old culture and the bright imagination of the Western Celts before they acquired the gift of constructing Sagas. The romantic literature of early mediæval Europe has been traced with some show of proof on the one hand to the Arabian storytellers whom the crusaders met, and on the other to the Welsh bards. French romances and French *contes* were the stepfathers of Chaucer's muse. Boccaccio and the Italian romance writers were largely the fountains of inspiration of the Elizabethan dramatists, and so we might go on.

Minerva was nowhere born fully equipped with knowledge. Minerva was in fact a chain of goddesses, each one handing her increased store to her successor, and not a single divinity. Wherever we turn, we find the same law operating. We do not find men or nations abandoning their hereditary thoughts, and prejudices and tastes, by a kind of internal movement, such as converts the caterpillar into the glorious butterfly. Such changes in man are not spontaneous. They are the result of external influences, of external teaching, of external inspiration; and when we meet with them in those dim and early ages of human culture, where records are uncertain and scanty, we may fill in the story with a firm hand, so far at least as to affirm that the new writing on the page is due to the influence, if not the hand, of another scribe.

I am not sure whether you will not consider this argument superfluous, so generally supported does it seem to be in the field of literature as in that of art. I have elaborated it somewhat, because I mean to apply it to another sphere, where many students still question its application. Among those who have been attracted by the history of early Greek philosophy, there are two rival theories which are in fierce conflict on this very issue. We find in early Greece that first one school, then another, of philosophy fundamentally different, based upon largely different premises and coming to different conclusions, follow each other in rapid succession, not when the mind of Greece had attained its mature stage, but in the earlier days of its culture. This fact is admitted by all. The explanation of the fact, however, has caused a marked feud. One school, headed by the very important name of Zeller, the famous historian of Greek philosophy, to whom some of us are under deep obligations, represents, if I may so call it, the older and more orthodox tradition that all these different schools



and forms of speculation were of home growth in Greece, were started there, and were the natural outcome of the fertility of Greek speculative thought working upon the materials it found at hand. To use Zeller's own words:—

“The doctrines of the most ancient Greek philosophers have, as Ritter well observes, all the simplicity and independence of first attempts, and their ulterior development is so continuous that the hypothesis of alien influences is never required to explain it. . . . All develops itself quite naturally from the conditions of Greek national life, and we shall find that even those systems which have been supposed to be most deeply influenced by doctrines from without are in all essential respects to be explained by the internal civilisation and spiritual horizon of the Greeks.” This view he maintains with the dexterity and ingenuity of an accomplished special pleader, and it is a view which has dominated most historians of philosophy. They have, in nearly all cases, begun their story with the Greeks, treating the Greeks as the originators and makers of their science, and constructing pedigrees of thought upon this supposition, which are very interesting, and if only to be depended upon, simplifying the outlook very materially.

On the other hand, another school of enquirers in Germany, in recent years, in which the most prominent names are those of Roth, Gladisch, and Schroeder, have taken an entirely different view, namely, that the new departures in Greek thought which succeed one another so quickly in early times were no more the spontaneous growth of Greek thought than were many of the early Greek myths, much of early Greek art, and much of early Greek civilisation. That they were imported from other quarters where philosophy had been studied and had developed to a very remarkable extent long before Greek thought had awoke from its primitive crudities; long

before there was any trace, so far as we know, of Greek speculation; and assuredly whatever the value of the evidence and its importance, it must be concluded that *primâ facie* this theory has everything to recommend it. That a child should work out for itself a great scheme of knowledge, unaided and uninspired, verges on the miraculous; that a child should learn its early wisdom from its mother, and presently outstrip its mother and all its teachers in learning, is the every-day experience of us all; therefore, I repeat, that the latter is *primâ facie* the more probable theory by far; but *primâ facie* reasons are very poor reasons now-a-days, unless substantiated by very cogent inductive evidence. It seems to me that such evidence exists in a sufficient degree to make our *a priori* hypothesis almost a certainty.

In the first place, I would refer shortly to one or two side issues, which are laboured by Zeller and his school to the exclusion of more direct methods. To judge from the general tenour of his argument, the Greeks were a self-contained nation, having little or no contact with outsiders, and therefore having few opportunities for inoculating their culture with foreign influences. Can anything be further from the facts? Even in the earliest heroic times, the siege of Troy brings upon the stage a concourse of tribes and races from various parts of the Eastern Mediterranean, etc., which is remarkable, while the voyage of the Argonauts show us how far into the recesses of the Black Sea Greek enterprise had penetrated in mythical times. No doubt so long as the Phœnicians held the keys of the world's commerce they were the chief importers into Greece of the wares of East and West, and no doubt also of much mythological lore and of many curious ideas, but presently the Phœnician power at home was sapped, and Phœnician trade decayed, and was replaced by the

Greeks who, in the seventh century before Christ, seem to have been possessed with a sudden afflatus for colonising, and were speedily found planting towns in all parts of the Mediterranean and the Euxine. Each one of these colonies was no doubt a feeder of Greek thought, notably in those places where an older culture had long existed, such as Egypt, where the Greeks not only founded a great commercial emporium, Naukratis, whose ruins are being at this moment explored by Mr. Flinders Petrie and others, but they entered the service of the Egyptian King, Psammetichus, in large numbers, as mercenaries, and have left in writing on the older monuments there, traces of the earliest Greek inscriptions which we possess. The voyage of Pythias as far as the Baltic and around the British Isles was another proof of energy in another direction, while in a third we have the accounts of the journey of Aristeeus of Proconnesus, who apparently set out from the Greek colonies on the Black Sea, and made his way along the routes by which gold found its way to Europe in those days into the recesses of Siberia. The Greeks, so far as we can judge, were everywhere to be found where money was to be made, just as Jews and Armenians are now, and were no doubt, as they always have been, something more than merchants, namely, inquisitive, mobile, and given to disputation and culture; and far from Zeller's view being correct, we may postulate with all certainty that the most intelligent and best educated of the Greeks would as naturally find their way to the older seats of learning, and there learn what there was to learn and see what there was to see, as Americans find their way now to Europe, and notably to Italy, for similar reasons. On the other hand, there can be as little doubt that, occasionally, adventurous and inquisitive men from the outer world would find their way to Greece, whose famous oracles were so renowned. We cannot think

Q

that Abaris, the Scythian, who, according to Pindar, travelled in Greece in the reign of Croesus, or Anacharsis, the Scythian, who is said to have visited Athens in 592 B.C., were the only Eastern philosophers who traversed Greece, nor that Croesus, King of Lydia, was the only great Eastern chief who consulted the oracles. The world was never separated off by ring fences into absolutely isolated communities, such as some historians of philosophy seem to fancy, but was ever producing vagabonds and adventurers who travelled far and wide over its surface, and thus distributed in a rude perfunctory way many ideas, just as the apparently motiveless currents of the ocean carry seeds and germs to clothe the isolated coral islands with their drapery of leaves and flowers. As I have said, the great afflatus of mental activity displayed by the Greeks commenced about the seventh century B.C. It was then that their greatest colonies were founded, that their most famous earlier temples were built, and that in several ways their skill as legislators and practical politicians began to show itself. Perhaps it was due, to some extent, to the fact that they then acquired the art of building larger vessels from the Phœnicians, whose decay made way for them. To whatever due, the fact remains, and we cannot help connecting the circumstances that at the very time when the Greeks were forcing their way into contact with foreigners, a fresh departure took place in their mode of thought, due, as I believe, to foreign inspiration.

Let us now try and realise the outlook of the earliest Greek mind in regard to the problems which distract us all when we think seriously, and which we condense in the word Philosophy.

The state of the Greek mind in regard to these questions can only be gathered from the earlier poets, Homer and Hesiod; and on turning to their pages, we shall find that

their ideas—their home-spun ideas—were crude and primitive enough. Nature to them was created and controlled by an innumerable number of deities subordinated to one another, each of which was embodied in some natural object. The sky was a living creature, the earth was a living creature, the sun another, and so on. To quote the graphic and admirable account of Grote: "That which to us is interesting as the mere creation of an exuberant fancy was to the Greek genuine and venerated reality. Both the earth and the solid heaven (*Gæa* and *Uranos*) were conceived and spoken of by him as endowed with appetite, feeling, sex, and most of the various attributes of humanity. Instead of a sun, such as we now see, subject to astronomical laws, and forming the centre of a system the changes of which we can ascertain and foreknow, he saw the great god *Helios*, mounting his chariot in the morning in the East, reaching at midday the height of the solid heaven, and arriving in the evening at the western horizon, with horses fatigued and desirous of repose. *Helios* having favourite spots wherein his beautiful cattle grazed, took pleasure in contemplating them during the course of his journey, and was sorely displeased if any man slew or injured them. He had, moreover, sons and daughters on earth; and as his all-seeing eye penetrated everywhere, he was sometimes in a situation to reveal secrets even to the gods themselves, while on other occasions he was constrained to turn aside in order to avoid contemplating scenes of abomination. . . . In his view the description of the sun, as given in a modern astronomical treatise, would have appeared not merely absurd, but repulsive and impious. Even in later times, when the positive spirit of inquiry had made considerable progress, *Anaxagoras* and other astronomers incurred the charge of blasphemy for dispersing *Helios*, and trying to assign invariable laws to

the solar phenomena." (*Op. cit.* I., 466-468.) Grote, in regard to this point of view of early Greek thought, appositely refers to the idea still current among the Hindoos. "Any Englishman," says Colonel Sleeman, "can easily conceive a poet in his highest culture of the brain, addressing the ocean as a steed that knows his rider, and patting the crested billow as his flowing mane; but he must come to India to understand how every individual of a whole community of many millions can address a fine river as a living being, a sovereign princess who hears and understands all they say, and exercises a kind of local superintendence over their affairs without a single temple in which her image is worshipped, or a single priest to profit by the delusion. As in the case of the Ganges, it is the river itself to whom they address themselves, *and not to any deity residing in it, or presiding over it.* The stream itself is the deity which fills their imaginations and receives their homage." (*Ibid.*, 464.)

Such was the primitive creed of the Greeks, as we gather it from our only witnesses, the earlier epic poets. The impersonation and separate life of each natural object was as much a living faith to them as the similar faith which we call Fetishism is to the African. This may have been a degradation from an earlier pantheistic creed, but of this we have literally no evidence. The evidence available points to the contrary. While this was the belief of the Greeks, it was supplemented—as I tried to show in an earlier paper—by elaborate genealogies of the gods, in which they were linked to one another as the generations of men are, this being the crude process by which the origin of things was explained. In the same way the Greeks had no notion of the immortality of the soul as we understand it. In Homer's view the substance of the man is his body; the bodiless souls in Hades are like

shadows and shapes of mist, or like forms which appear in dreams to the living, but cannot be grasped; vital power, speech, and memory have deserted them; the sacrificial blood of offerings restores their speech and consciousness, but only for a little time. A few favoured ones, indeed, enjoy a happier fate; while the saying of Achilles that the life of the poorest labourer is better than dominion over shadows applies to all the rest (Zeller I., pp. 124, 125). Anacreon recoils with horror from the terrible pit of Hades, but Tyrtæus, too, has no other immortality to set before the brave than that of posthumous fame. Erinna says the glory of great deeds is silent with the dead. It is the same with all theories which can be even distantly represented as possessing philosophical insight in regard to the origin of things and the government of the universe. While this was the case in Greece down, probably, to the seventh century, B.C., a very different state of things existed in India, where for many centuries before there had existed schools of philosophy, which discussed with an acuteness quite worthy of modern German philosophical discussions the most difficult and transcendental subjects, and, although there was virtually little science and a general absence of anything like history, the faculty of reasoning was applied to grammar, mathematics, and metaphysics in a manner that has scarcely been exceeded in modern times. And, curiously, at the very period when Greek thought began to germinate in an extraordinary way, namely, the seventh century B.C., there was a great outburst of vigour also in India, out of which Buddhism, and perhaps other schools of Indian thought, arose. It is very curious that at this very period the Greeks began, as we have seen, to have a much more active intercourse with their neighbours, and notably with the Egyptians, the Scythians, and the Celts. Such contact



inevitably, as I have urged, brings in innovations in many ways. Where there is no prejudice to overcome they are accepted openly and in the light of day. Fashion and art are thus modified without difficulty, but when we get below these superficial changes, and men are forced to take a new departure in their religious or philosophical views, they at once arouse the conservative instincts of the crowd, who in such matters are most rigid and unforgiving. The result is that such changes have generally to be introduced *sub rosa*. They are never accepted by the crowd, and in many cases have to be cultivated in secret, or kept from the vulgar gaze in the form of mysteries, etc., etc., by secret societies and brotherhoods. As we have seen, this sensitiveness was an especial characteristic of the Greek mind, and led, in fact, to the martyrdom of Socrates. We are not surprised, therefore, that such new ideas on religion and philosophy as permeated the Greek world from the outside should have been deemed impious by the orthodox crowd, and that their votaries should have cultivated them in secret associations to which only the initiated were admitted, and whose tenets were probably never recorded in their integrity. This is what we actually find: Orphic, Bacchic, and Pythagorean societies with secret rites, a secret philosophy, and an esoteric religion, are found flourishing everywhere just at the time when they might be expected to be flourishing, and flourishing especially in the neighbourhood of the oracles and shrines where a more educated priesthood lived. Such associations and brotherhoods were not limited to the Greeks. They flourished, apparently, among the Celts under the name of Druids, and it has always seemed to me that the latter were in closer relation to the similar associations in Greece than is generally admitted, and that just as we now know the Celts had a native art of their own far superior to anything



dreamt of by the older writers, who treated them as barbarians, so they had also an esoteric religion, perhaps not very far removed from that which was cultivated in the Pythagorean societies. The early Buddhist associations in further Asia, which spread so widely over Central Asia (and further west—in, perhaps, a modified form—than most men are aware), were formed on similar lines, and probably cultivated similar precepts and practices.

To return, however, to Greece. In the histories of philosophy accessible to me the facts just referred to are largely ignored, and we are treated to elaborate dissections of the supposed views of particular men, who are in the first place supposed to have created the views with which their names are associated, and to be only responsible for the sentences or aphorisms which can be brought home directly to them, all else being treated as subsequent additions and sophistications. This view seems most foreign to the real state of things. Pythagoras, for instance, was, in addition to being a teacher of certain mystical doctrines, an active politician, who founded a system of polity at Crotona. He was a man of affairs, as well as a man of theory, and, as is universal in such cases, his name, which was well known, became the bye-name of his sect. Dr. Pusey was probably as much the creator of the whole Oxford movement, or Pitt of the body of Tory doctrines which were venerated at the Pitt Club, as Pythagoras was of that of the Pythagoreans. Chinghiz Khan drew up the famous code of laws which is known as his Yasa, and which formed, for a long time, the code of the Central Asiatic nomads; but he was the originator of very little of it. He merely indorsed with his great name customs and practices which were very widespread and very well known among his people. It is as great a mistake, in my view, to treat the Pythagorean views as derived entirely from

Pythagoras. He was probably a very prominent apostle of a creed which, from this fact, took its name from him, but which not only embraced a very great deal more than the fragments of thought embodied in his aphorisms, etc., but which was probably in many respects older than himself, and existed elsewhere under other names; notably, under the name of Orphic mysteries. Aristotle, according to Cicero, denied the existence of Orpheus, and assigned the writing of his poems to a Pythagorean. "*Orpheum poetam docet Aristoteles nunquam fuisse et hoc Orphicum carmen Pythagorei ferunt cujusdam fuisse Cercopis.*"—Cicero, N.D., I., 38. Clemens Alexandrinus assigned them to Onomacritus, a famous Orphic poet contemporary with Pythagoras. (See *Clinton Fasti Helenici*, I., 343, note.) Other Orphic writings are attributed to the Pythagorean Brontinus, to Zopyrus of Heraclea, who was a co-worker with Onomacritus, Prodinus of Samos, and other Pythagoreans. This shows how closely connected Pythagoreanism was with the mysteries. Herodotus, long before this, in a memorable passage, speaks of "rites called Orphic and Bacchic, but which are in reality Egyptian and Pythagorean." (*Op. cit.*, Book II, chapter 81.)

I do not mean that Pythagoras added nothing to what he learnt from the Orphic brotherhoods existing about him, nor that he did not modify their teaching in some measure. This he probably did; but I would maintain that he was essentially a teacher of that cult, and that it is a great mistake to treat him as the originator or beginner of a great deal which appears in his teaching. I believe as firmly that the same remark applies to other early Greek teachers besides Pythagoras, who found in the teaching of these associations of primitive philosophers views which startle us by their strangeness and novelty. Let us now try and discriminate some of the things thus taught, and try also to affiliate the teaching to older sources of inspiration.

We have seen what the primitive creed of Greece was, namely, a kind of Fetishism in which distinct personal gods were created out of natural objects. To this creed both the Orphic and Pythagorean writers opposed the same very new and contrary notion. They both present us with clearly Pantheistic notions. In one of the early Orphic fragments "Zeus is described as the beginning, middle, and end of all things, the root of the earth and sky, the substance and essence of air and of fire, the sun and moon, male and female. When the sky is called his head, the sun and moon are his eyes, the air is his breast, the earth his body, the lower world his feet, the æther his infallible, royal omniscient reason." (Zeller I., 64.) Philolaus, the oldest and first expounder of the Pythagorean system, who was a contemporary of Socrates, but probably older (*Ibid.*, 363-4), describes God as the sole ruler of the universe, exalted above all things, embracing all things with his care (*Ibid.*), which means that in his eyes the many Gods were condensed into the one all-embracing divine essence (Θεῖον). Whence did this new idea so subversive of the old Greek belief in the personality of its Gods come? It existed, we know, from early times both in Egypt and in India, but was perhaps much more diffused in the latter than in the former country. In Egypt, however, it was the accepted theory of the priests, as my friend, Mr. R. S. Poole, has shown in a recent analysis of the later discoveries about the Egyptian religion, and notably of the famous Litany of the Sun. On this he says: "It does not state, but implies, a philosophy. That system is wholly Pantheistic. The doctrine of the Litany of Ra treats of the universe under that name. Ra, the sun, is but an emanation. The object of its progress is that the king, already an image of Ra on earth, should in the other world be identified with Ra, become one and the same as him. As there is nothing but Ra, all nature presents her

manifestations, and the doctrine becomes purely Pantheistic. Good and ill alike come from the same source, and thus the moral value of good is greatly weakened in the Litany; moral responsibility disappears. The doctrine does not admit of personality; there is nothing in which Ra is not."—*Contemporary Review*, May, 181, pp. 809 and 810.

We may next turn to the second important factor in Greek thought, which was held in common by the Orphics and the Pythagoreans, and which was an entire innovation, namely, the doctrine of metempsychosis. Philolaus appeals in support of the doctrine of transmigration to the utterances of the ancient theologians and soothsayers, by whom, says Zeller, we must understand Orpheus and the other founders of the Orphic mysteries. Several writers assign to Pherecydes, who was older than and was the reputed master of Pythagoras, the first teaching of the doctrine of transmigration (*Op. cit.* 69). Plato derives the theory from the mysteries, especially the Orphic mysteries; and Pindar, who had probably not come in contact with Pythagoreans, and probably derived his notions from the Orphic and Bacchic brotherhoods, speaks of certain favourites of the Gods being permitted to return to the upper world, and that those who lead a blameless life will be sent to the islands of the blest in the kingdom of Cronos. Zeller himself admits that "there is every reason to believe that the doctrine was taught in the Orphic mysteries prior to the date of Pythagoras" (*Id.* 71).

According to Herodotus "the Egyptians maintained that when the body dies the soul enters into the form of an animal which is born at the moment, thence passing on from one animal into another, until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air, after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew. The whole period of the trans-

migration is (they say) 3,000 years." He adds, "There are Greek writers, some of an earlier, some of a later date who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians and put it forward as their own; I could mention their names but I abstain from doing so." (*Op. cit.*, Book II., ch. 123). By these Greeks Pythagoras and his scholars are generally supposed to be meant. The categorical statement of Herodotus here quoted is apparently founded upon a mistake. This has been well shown by Schroeder in the memoir I have already quoted, in which he appeals to the views of distinguished Egyptologists to show that the doctrine of metempsychosis was quite unknown to the Egyptians, at least no traces of it are to be found in the religious books available to us. It was perhaps natural that Herodotus should thus interpret the figures he noticed on the tombs where human souls are represented in the shape of animals, but this had nothing to do with metempsychosis. It was merely the curious fable that when presented to the gods in the other world the human soul might do so in the disguise of some animal; but the notion of human beings having successive lives in the bodies of other animals, or of other beings, was quite unknown to the Egyptians. On the other hand, this was the very centre and pivot of the religious and philosophical ideas of the Hindoos.

Let us now turn to the things forbidden to be eaten in the Pythagorean brotherhoods. Among these was notably the flesh of plough oxen and of he-goats. The abstention from meat was inculcated in the Orphic mysteries.—(See Porphyry, *De Abstinencia*, II., p. 28; Zeller, p. 346.)

This restriction on the eating of flesh, which was a great innovation in the then current European modes of thought, so far as we can gather them, was characteristic of India in early times. Save among the Buddhists, there was not apparently an actual prohibition, but only a restriction to

certain kinds of animals. (Schroeder, p. 33.) What was, however, most explicitly forbidden was the ox, which was deemed so sacred that to kill or eat it was considered most sinful. This exactly corresponds to the Pythagorean prohibition of the flesh of plough oxen, as reported by Aristæus. (Schroeder, p. 34; Zeller, p. 345, note.) The same author reports that the Pythagoreans abstained from the flesh of he-goats. In illustration of this, Schroeder quotes the curious fact that the name of the he-goat in Sanscrit, aya, also means the unborn, the eternal, whence, says an Indian aphorism quoted by the same writer, the flesh of the he-goat should not be eaten. (*Id.*, p. 34.) The flesh of animals offered in sacrifice was permitted to the Pythagoreans. (Zeller, pp. 345-6.) This again is precisely what the Indians allowed, and the Book of Manu enjoins the eating of flesh of such offerings as a divine custom. (Schroeder, p. 34.)

The curious prohibition of eating beans, and the sanctity of the latter, is exemplified in the story told of Pythagoras by Hermippus and others, that Pythagoras was killed rather than traverse a bean field. (Zeller, p. 344.) Pliny (II., xviii., 30) says Pythagoras forbade the eating of beans because the souls of the dead were enclosed in them, while Cicero (*De Div.*, pp. 1-30) thinks it was from their disturbing the mind during sleep. We find no prohibition, so far as we know, of the Egyptians eating beans in the sacred writings, but Herodotus says expressly "the Egyptians are not allowed to eat beans, which none of them sow or eat. If they come up of themselves, either raw or boiled, the priests will not even endure to look on them, since they consider them unholy food." (*Op. cit.* II., 37.) Diodorus (I., 89) says some only of the Egyptians abstained from beans. It may be that a similar mistake has been made here by Herodotus as he did in the case of metem-

psychosis, and assigned it to the Egyptians. There can be no mistake about a similar prohibition existing in India. In the oldest Indian ritual texts the eating of beans was forbidden during the sacrifices. In the Maitrayani Samhita is the injunction, "You should not eat beans; they are not clean food during an offering." Similar prohibitions occur in other early Indian writings. (Schroeder, pp. 36-37.) This concurrence of details, most odd and unexpected details, between the Pythagorean modes of thought and those of India, which are only explainable when we inquire into their Indian meaning, compel us to grant a close and intimate connection between the two systems.

It is not improbable that the prohibition of eating beans, as enjoined by Pythagoras, was also limited to certain times, which would account for the statement of Philoxenus contradicting the general testimony of antiquity that the Pythagoreans, far from prohibiting, recommended the use of this vegetable. (Zeller, p. 346, note.) The generally bloodless character of the Pythagorean sacrifices, as attested by Plutarch, is singularly at one with the similar character of the Indian sacrifices. Lastly, a very singular prohibition enjoined by the Pythagoreans in an aphorism which I must be allowed to translate into Latin, "*Converso ad solem vultu non mingendum*" (*Diog. Laertius*, Pythagoras, xviii.), is exactly matched by a verse in the Atherva Veda. (Schroeder, p. 39).

Let us now turn to the supposed mathematical inventions of Pythagoras, and his philosophical comparison of the essence of things with numbers. The Pythagoreans were the great disseminators and developers of mathematics in early Greece. Among other things Pythagoras is said to have discovered the famous proposition that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the

squares on the other two sides, and that the most perfect such triangle is that in which the sides are in the proportion of 3, 4, and 5. Zeller admits that these notions belonged to the ancient Pythagoreans (*Op. cit.* 429 and 430, note). Cantor quotes from a Chinese book a statement of the proportion just named (Schroeder, 42); but Chinese mathematics was apparently all derived from India, and there can be no doubt that this famous proposition was well known in India from early times, and at least as early as the eighth century B.C., when we find it described in the Manava-Crautasutra, in a portion of the work dealing with the proper proportions and construction of altars, which, like other things in early ritual, were based on very methodical mathematical calculations. Not only do we find there, as Schroeder has shown, a full knowledge of this famous problem, but also, what is more curious, the corollary which depends on it, namely, the discussion of irrational quantities, such as the square root of 2, etc., etc. In Greece the introduction of this mathematical process was attributed to Pythagoras. Years, nay, centuries before he lived the same notion had been worked out in India so elaborately that there were special names for such irrational quantities as the square roots of 2, 3, 10, 40, etc., which are given by Schroeder.

The theory that the world consists of five elements, namely, earth, water, air, fire, and æther, was introduced into Greece in the Pythagorean schools. It forms a notable part of their teaching, as Schroeder has shown. The same theory precisely pervades the whole of the early Indian philosophical schools. So universally spread is it that an ordinary phrase for a man's dying, in the Ramayana and other very early poems, is that he is dissolved into the five elements; and from the early Brahmin speculations it passed into Buddhism, and Schroeder concludes,



with every reason, that Pythagoras (or, rather, his school), drew his theory, as he did those of metempsychosis and his mathematical notions, from India (*Op. cit.*, p. 65).

The Pythagorean fantastic comparison of the five elements with the five regular solids—earth with the cube, fire with the tetrahedron, air with the octahedron, water with the ikosahedron, and æther with the dodekahedron—is again, as Schroeder urges, quite consonant with the similar speculations of the early Brahmanas.

The cardinal feature of the philosophy of Pythagoras, as I pointed out on a former occasion, is the fantastic notion, so difficult to translate into our modes of thought, that the various objects of the universe are identical in essence with numbers. He apparently did not use this comparison in a metaphorical sense, but in a very real one, in which he somehow identified things and the laws which govern them with numbers. This theory, so apparently fantastic, so foreign to all Western modes of thought, never assuredly developed itself separately in two such widely-separated areas as Greece and India, yet we find that in the very oldest system of Indian philosophy, the so-called Samkhya philosophy, the same extraordinary theory prevailed. Samkhya means number, and a Samkhya philosopher means a philosopher of number (Schroeder, p. 73). The development of the world from an imperfect to a perfect one was apparently taught in the Pythagorean schools. It also formed part of the teaching of the Samkhya philosophers. The Pythagoreans taught, apparently, and it was a very new idea in the West, that the world was eternal, and had neither beginning nor end. This is precisely on a par with the Samkhya teaching about the eternity of matter.

Music filled an important rôle in the Pythagorean system, and one witness tells us that Harmony was first discovered by Pythagoras. Others urged that scientific music was

first taught by his school (Schroeder, p. 77). Harmony with the Pythagoreans meant the octave. Now music was scientifically treated in India from very early days, and the seven tones of the musical scale are mentioned in commentaries on the Vedas apparently of the seventh and eighth centuries B.C., and therefore a long time before Pythagoras. This, again, is a remarkable coincidence, for other nations have adopted other tonic scales, and it would be odd to find that the Greeks and Hindoos had hit upon this exceptionally improbable coincidence, together with so many others, quite by accident.

The Pythagoreans, like the early Hindoos, were great cultivators of and adepts in the healing art; and, like the latter, employed exorcisms very freely. The triple division of the universe taught by the Pythagoreans into Olympos, Kosmos, and Uranos, is assuredly the Indian notion of the triple world. Again, the Pythagorean brotherhoods and societies were founded on the pattern and were direct imitations of the Indian brotherhoods which existed so plentifully among the Buddhists, but existed long before Buddhism (*Id.*, pp. 78-79).

The Pythagorean system, again, is remarkable among those favoured by the Greeks for its mystical and symbolical character, which comes forward especially in its treatment of numbers and the laws regulating numbers. The same kind of fantastic play which seems so foreign to good sense permeates completely the early Brahmanas and the Yajur Veda; the same kind of virtue attaching to certain numbers, such as 7, 9, etc.; the comparing together and identifying of most contrary and apparently irreconcilable notions.

I have now finished my hurried survey, and feel that I have failed to do justice to the subject, and especially to do justice to the very interesting issues which it raises.

That the Greek mind should have been awakened from its early torpid condition by a graft of exotic thought is what we might have expected, but that this importation was contemporary with the great outburst of speculation in India, which, among other things, produced Buddhism, and that it was not only coeval with that outburst, but was essentially an impulse of the same wave, is very interesting indeed. In these matters proof is always circumstantial. We step out beyond the realms of recorded history; we step out into those byeways where we can only piece together our theory from a number of converging probabilities; but this kind of proof is to my mind the most convincing of all. One or two coincidences of thought might pass muster as occasional and sporadic accidents, but a cumulative argument, involving a great number of such coincidences, becomes in effect an irrefragable proof. I cannot think that a question like this, foreign though it be to our daily routine of life, is altogether unwelcome to this society. Whatever views of existence we may take, whatever doubts and difficulties traverse our minds in trying to unravel the skein of human progress, we cannot but be interested in knowing how the most glorious epoch of human culture originally came into existence; whence the reed was brought which grew into such a stately tree, and where the earlier dawn existed to that brightly-tinted horizon which we have often treated as the further limit of our inquiries. Our outlook is not less romantic when we trace the golden youth of Greece. The quick-witted, mystical, and exceedingly acute race of Hindostan worked out a scheme of the creation, the origin, and the government of the universe which has many wonderful aspects, some of which you may pardon my bringing before you on another occasion.



## THE SUBJECTIVE THEORY OF BEAUTY.

BY REGINALD BARBER.

IF we are in doubt about the height of a room, or the length of a table, or the circumference of a ball we do not rely on judgment or opinion for ascertaining their dimensions, but we simply apply the standard measure and so settle the point. For ages man has been trying to find some such standard for determining the measurement of Beauty, but no such standard has been found. It is the chief object of this paper to enquire whether such a standard does or does not exist.

We shall not consider beauty as a quality belonging exclusively to those things we call beautiful, but also to what we call splendid, magnificent, grand, sublime, handsome, pretty, neat, elegant, lovely, &c., since it appears very evident that beauty is a quality existing in each, just as deliciousness is a quality in various kinds of food.

It will be well to examine a number of the explanations of beauty which have been given by different writers. Amongst these Burke is a prominent authority. He gives seven definitions. First, to be comparatively small; secondly, to be smooth; thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of the parts; but, fourthly, to have those parts, not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other; fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength; sixthly, to have its colours clear

and bright, but not very strong and glaring; seventhly, or if it should have any glaring colour, to have it diversified with others. Let us examine these rules separately. First, that objects must be comparatively small. It is evident that Burke intended we should compare things of the same class, and not that we should compare a horse with a donkey, and thereby to determine that because the donkey is smaller than the horse, it is therefore the more beautiful animal. He intended that we should compare a horse with horses, &c. But *is* comparative smallness a quality of beauty? Burke could never have intended that dwarfs, and puny half-starved creatures generally, should be considered as the comparatively small, and therefore beautiful. Then in order to be beautiful it is necessary that the object be comparatively *large*—comparatively small compared with giants, comparatively large compared with dwarfs. Undoubtedly Burke intended the *average* size in each class to represent the beautiful, so far as *size* is concerned; though he seems to imply that the idea of something larger must be present to the mind. Still, when a man goes to Switzerland to enjoy the beauties of the mountains, he is not particular to enquire which are the comparatively small mountains. He delights in them all; but probably prefers the big ones, and thinks them most beautiful. To learn which were the comparatively small ones would not help him in the discovery of beauty. We climb mountains to get a large view of country, and the bigger the expanse the more beautiful we think it. Yet that does not exclude the beauty of little nooks where we can only see a few yards. A florist does not try to cultivate medium-sized flowers, but generally prefers them large. A dog-fancier prefers a large dog or a very small one, according to the nature of the animal. Perhaps in the human species the medium size is all round the best. But the different types

of beauty are infinite, from the pretty little woman to the big handsome woman; each perfect in its kind. Universal sameness would be a monotony completely destructive of all beauty.

We are speaking here exclusively of size, and since size cannot present anything to us except as it represents form, let us take an example. By this rule, a perfectly beautiful woman must be of exactly an average height, and have an exact average in the size of all her limbs and features. In this way the pretty little woman and the big handsome woman are excluded from beauty. It seems to me, then, that just as we have the beauty of a pensive blue eye, and the beauty of a fiery dark eye, so size is infinite in its variety of beauty. The commanding beauty of a big handsome woman would be lost by diminishing her size. The lively, pretty, little, merry woman is suited to her small stature. But the rule to be good, as a quality of beauty in nature, should be universally applicable, and we find it is only of very doubtful use in a few instances; it is, therefore, of no use to us. We shall still think a large castle, a large mansion, a small cottage, all beautiful in their way—huge globes whirling through space, and small grains of sand. It might be mentioned that, in the old days, when, we are told, giants dwelt on the earth, the average would not be the average of to-day, and that, therefore, what was beautiful then is not beautiful now.

The next quality given by Burke is that of smoothness. It will easily be seen what was intended by introducing smoothness as a quality of beauty; but since there are so many different kinds of smoothnesses, this rule becomes difficult to apply. Glass is smooth and velvet is smooth, yet the smoothness of the one bears very little resemblance to the smoothness of the other. There is the smoothness of the sky, without surface and not sensible to the touch,

and there is the smoothness of a distant rock, resembling soft velvet, being in reality rugged and hard and rough. There is the smoothness of the human eye, and the smoothness of the human skin, having little resemblance. The different qualities of smoothness are infinite, from which it will be seen an infinite variety of rules would be necessary to describe the particular quality of smoothness in each particular case. We should not care to see the smooth feathers of the swan smooth like the water on which it floats; nor should we care to see the human skin smooth like the soft down of the swan, nor smooth like the hard surface of glass. But are not *rough* objects beautiful also? There is the beauty of the calm smooth lake, but there is also the beauty of the grand stormy billows; the beauty of a rough, wild, rocky coast, or stormy sky; the beauty of rough shells, ploughed fields, tree trunks, etc., etc. Roughness and smoothness are infinite in their varieties, and all beautiful in their proper place. Take an example. A human face covered with blotches and pimples and general roughness we regard as ugly. They are a disease, and not the peculiar qualities of skin. Take, also, an old flower pot, covered with blotches and pimples, and patches of green and grey and white. We regard it as very beautiful, though, at the same time, its blotches are merely, as it were, a disease on its surface. There is the beauty of a smooth silk hat, and but a very questionable beauty in the smooth patches on an old black coat.

The next quality is—To have a variety in the direction of the parts. It is difficult to understand this rule, since one cannot imagine any object, beautiful or ugly, without *some* variety in the direction of its parts. Take, as an example of variety, a lady whose eyes seem to be at cross purposes; she looks straightforward with one eye and round the corner with the other, and one cannot tell where

she is looking. Here we have variety in the direction of the parts, and, though it is beautiful according to rule, yet we cannot be compelled to regard it with admiration. Take, also, a long corridor, the columns on either side of which are fashioned after the same mould, and having the least possible variety, yet such a corridor might be regarded as exquisitely beautiful. There is variety in a beautiful face, there is also variety in an ugly face. Variety would arrange one leg longer than the other, or exchange a leg with an arm. There is no end to beauty and deformity in variety.

The next quality really belongs to that we have just examined—To have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. For the particular kind of beauty here implied, no doubt the melting lines are beautiful. The human figure may be taken as a good example, and it will easily be seen that sharp angles would be out of place. All the same, the human figure, as presented to us, is full of sharp angles, as may be seen in almost any drawing. In the case of a swan, we should not care to see its graceful neck attached to its body with a sharp angle; the sharp angle would interfere with ease, and, consequently, gracefulness and beauty of motion. But, on the other hand, we find a fat, old, ugly woman full of melting lines. In order that a quality of beauty be useful it should be universally applicable, otherwise an infinite variety of rules would be necessary to describe under what circumstances a particular quality was beautiful. We say sugar is good, yet sugar eaten with fish is bad, therefore sugar is both good and bad, certainly it is only good in its proper place. It may be objected that the sugar is good in itself, so also a certain form may be good in itself; it is the misapplication that is bad, whether of sugar or form. We should not like to see the form of a dog's face applied to a human face. Angles are objected to as being ugly, yet the majority of articles



of furniture, and most styles of architecture, which we regard as exceedingly beautiful, are for the most part composed of sharp angles and straight lines. Too much undulation or melting of lines would destroy stability, and give an appearance of great weakness and ugliness. Imagine the walls and floor of a room composed of melting lines! In a great measure, every variety of line that can be conceived is beautiful if presented in its proper place. No rule that I can discover can be given that will not cramp the imagination and lead to infinite error.

The next quality—To be of a delicate frame without any remarkable appearance of strength. It will again be seen how the beautiful things about us are limited by such a rule. Most mountains and splendid buildings, and large trees and rocks and oceans, must be excluded by considering the delicate and fragile as the only things beautiful. Delicacy or want of strength is surely only one class of beauty selected from an infinite variety. There is the beauty of the lion in his strength, and the beauty of the babe in its frailty. We shall omit the remaining rules of Burke, as they bear a similar interpretation, and proceed to other methods which have been adopted for defining the nature of beauty. At the same time, one may add that it is not here intended to ridicule the remarks of Burke, but merely to show how utterly inadequate they are to meet all the requirements of the student of the beautiful.

The next theory we shall examine is one which supposes the once useful to be now the beautiful. A good example of this theory is given by Emerson. He says: "What nature at one time provides for use she afterwards turns to beauty, as in the structure of a sea-shell, in which the parts which have for a time formed the mouth are at the next season of growth left behind and become decorative nodes and spines." If we analyse this pretty illustration

we shall find that it will not hold good. In the first place, it does not prove that these decorative nodes and spines are beautiful *because* they were once useful; they are probably beautiful as mere decoration, without regard to previous utility, just as, without any previous use, a well-designed wall-paper on the wall of a room is beautiful. In the second place, it does not appear that the body of the shell is any more beautiful than that part which forms the mouth, though by the illustration, the mouth, as being the useful part of the shell, is excluded from all claims to beauty. At all events, in the contemplation of a shell it is impossible for anyone to perceive this fine distinction. But one of the chief beauties in a shell lies in its colour, the beauty of which is certainly out of all proportion to any previous use it may have had. It is true that nature does frequently convert the useful into the beautiful, as in the leaves of trees, which, after their period of usefulness, are turned into masses of variegated colour, and fall to the earth in golden showers. But still, it must be acknowledged the leaves had a beauty in their usefulness as well as in their decay.

Spencer says that landscapes were not beautiful to savages because the savages lived in the woods amongst the landscapes. Surely, if this were so, houses could not be beautiful to civilised beings because they live in the houses. Spencer gives a further illustration in the case of the Druidical remains at Stonehenge. He says they could not be beautiful to the old Druids because they were useful to them; that they are beautiful to us now because they stand there useless in their solitude, mere remains of the past. In this manner we should be obliged to regard all modern erections—cathedrals, houses, churches, monuments—as utterly devoid of beauty. It is true there is a charm and a beauty in old ruins, but it always seems to

me that the great charm is not so much in their *beauty* as in the *poetry* which hangs about them. These places seem to be hallowed. All frivolity vanishes in the presence of these grand old ruined piles. No one can deny the fascination of relics, and ruins, and antique things generally, but this charm is quite independent of their beauty.

The next theory is in total opposition to this one; it claims the *useful* as the *beautiful*. If to be useful is to be beautiful, then we shall expect to find things beautiful in proportion to their usefulness. Let us take an example. In a room we find the decorations, or useless parts, are out of all proportion beautiful compared with the useful: The wall-paper or wall decorations, the pictures, the ornaments, the flowers, the pattern in the carpet, the carving, the painted ceiling, and the colour of the whole room. The colour is perhaps the least useful part of a room, yet the colour is probably the most beautiful part of a *well-decorated* room. That which usually strikes us most on entering a room is the general tone and arrangement of colour. If this be bad the room can never please us. Imagine a room of faultless design with some such scheme of colour as this: walls of raw magenta, the furniture of crudest purple, curtains a dirty drab, and the ceiling the rawest mixture of chrome and prussian blue. Or imagine the same room all in black, or the same all in white. Or again, imagine the same room all ablaze with brown and gold, set off with silver and cream and ruby and sapphire. We see then that the least useful part of a room may be that which is most beautiful. Then if we take the furniture and general decoration we shall find the theory equally inapplicable. The panels of the doors may be carved with rich designs of fruit and birds, the mouldings with elaborate workmanship. The whole door is a delightful work of art. Yet this is not the useful part of the door. The door would be

just as useful if one plain, flat piece of wood. The walls and pictures would show the same result. A chair is frequently beautiful, when its carvings and decorations actually interfere with comfort. Then, if we examine nature, we shall find the rainbow and the lovely colours of a sunset are beautiful without any proportionate utility. What is the special use of the beautiful reflections in still water? Examples are infinite. Spencer says that the beauty of woman depends on beauty of character, which will develop in her features and limbs that which is most useful to express that character. There is much that is exceedingly interesting in this idea. He cites as an example the lower jaw of savages, which is large and useful to the savage character. A large lower jaw would be useless to a woman of refined character, and is therefore ugly. I like this idea very much, and though we find exquisitely lovely women whose refinement of character is not apparent, and ugly women of evidently refined character, still, so far as expression is concerned, I think we can detect a coarseness where there is a coarse mind, and where there is refinement of character, a refinement of expression. However, though a certain form be determined by a certain character, that does not prove the form to be beautiful on that account, even though form could be *proved* to be determined by character. It does not appear that the character of a bird of paradise is so much superior to that of the sparrow, as by its appearance one might imagine. The beauty of appearance is not generally that part of an animal which has most to do with usefulness. The really useful parts are those beneath the skin. That net work of muscles and veins and nerves, the skull and the brain within, are really the useful parts of the face. The skin is useful but not in proportion to its beauty compared with the really useful parts beneath. I

am more inclined to think that character depends on form rather than form on character, just as the motion of the pendulum does not arrange the nature of the clock but is determined by the clock.

The hair on a woman's head is very lovely, yet its use is very questionable—at least, the head might as easily be kept warm with a cap as the body with a garment. The hair seems to have as little to do with mind as mind with hair. By nature the hair is made to hang down the back, unkempt and uncombed. The mind determines the nature of its decoration. Its colour and decoration form its chief beauty, and have least claim to usefulness. When the hair has been beautifully arranged, the consciousness of its beauty affects the mind with pride. This in its turn gives a bearing of conceit to the whole body. When the mind is horrified, the body is distorted; when the body is pained, the mind is affected. Still, whether the mind determines the nature of the body or the body the mind, beauty seems to have an existence of its own, and is not affected by that which caused it. A beautiful picture is beautiful in itself, and not on account of him who made it.

Ruskin and others give as qualities of beauty—truth, variety, infinity, mystery, &c. Regarding truth as a quality of beauty, I have tried in vain to understand what it means. "Beauty is truth—truth, beauty," is a very familiar quotation. I suppose there is a certain truth about *every* thing. It is true that a falsehood is a lie. It is true that an ugly woman is not beautiful. All manner of hideous diseases are true; but why truth is beauty is difficult to understand. Possibly it may refer to pictorial representation; yet even then it can only mean a true picture. A picture is in a great measure a deception. It represents people and trees and clouds, whereas it is only paint. And even as a representation it can only possess a

certain relative truth. Or suppose a picture represent *truthfully* what is in the picture, it will depend on the object represented whether it is beautiful or ugly. The truthful representation of an ulcer could not very well be beautiful.

I do not think that Ruskin ever uses the word truth in this vague, meaningless manner. *True* and *truth* are words constantly on the lips of painters, but I am not aware that they are ever used in the sense of beauty. Truth is used by them to signify relative exactness of representation, quite apart from considerations of beauty. A diamond may be very untruthfully represented in putty; more truthfully represented by glass—the truthfulness not being in the material, but in its appearance. The truth, as may be seen, is in the exactness of the copy, and has nothing to do with beauty. A young man may imitate the voice of an old man with various degrees of truthfulness, yet without beauty. Infinity and mystery we shall consider shortly, as they are not qualities in nature but in the mind, and cannot, therefore, come under the examination of material beauty.

Many writers have tried to show that beauty of form depends on certain lines—the circle, the parabola, the ellipse, &c. Hogarth's line of beauty is well known. It is the general line of the backbone. We need not examine these lines very minutely, as a little observation would show that there is not a line, from the straight to the circle, that is not both beautiful and ugly.

Fancy the top of a dining-table all hills and dales, like the backbone of a man! The ellipse may be beautiful in the branch of a tree, but who would delight in an elliptical umbrella stick! All kinds of lines are beautiful; but they must be found in suitable places, otherwise they are ugly.

There are some who think beauty in nature depends on some spiritual meaning to be found in all things; but on

this aspect of the subject we need not dwell, as probably no two people see the same spiritual meaning in any thing. How different the feelings inspired in different minds by the sight of a crucifix. To some almost the representation of divinity, to others hideous and repulsive—a devil's subtle method for converting worship into idolatry.

We have not time to examine any other theories; but from what has been said, I trust it may be seen how difficult it is to define the beautiful, or to bring it within rule and regulation.

To prove that no standard of beauty has been discovered is not to prove that no such standard exists. In this second part of the paper, I wish to examine whether or not beauty has any material existence, for if beauty has no existence, except in the mind, it will easily be seen that to find a standard of beauty is impossible, inasmuch as no two minds are alike.

To show that what we are conscious of as beauty does not exist in the object, but in ourselves, it seems only necessary to remember that we cannot see an object at all. The picture in the eye is the utmost that we can see. It is curious to reflect that we can really see nothing outside ourselves. When we look upon a distant object, it is almost impossible to believe that what we see is a little picture within ourselves. We cannot see one hair's-breadth in front of our eyes; the beauty of which we are conscious *must* therefore exist *within* ourselves. Again, this picture is not the object in any sense, but merely an arrangement of light reflected *from* the object, but having no part *in* the object; and were light equally distributed, we should see no more than in total darkness—of course if there were no objects we should be in a similar plight. In order, therefore, to see an object, it is not only necessary to have light, but to have that light very unequally distributed.



This is very important, as in daily life we forget all about these matters; we think it is the object we see and never give a thought to distribution, reflection, and absorption of light, that on which the whole matter depends. But to proceed further, the picture we have of the object is not in any way the appearance the object itself is presenting. The rays from the object are not proceeding especially in that direction where the little picture in the eye happens to be. The rays proceed in every direction, and the eye gets only the smallest fraction of them. This we may judge from the fact that we have two eyes and two pictures, whereas there is only *one* object; with a thousand eyes there will be a thousand pictures though only *one* object. Imagine an eye encircling an object so as to catch all the rays reflected from the object! That would be very curious, yet that would be the only way to get at the real appearance of the object. Imagine an eye encircling the sun at this distance. What a sun it would see! A sun some two hundred millions of miles in diameter! Instead of which the little picture in such an eye as ours is but a tiny speck. With such an eye as we have described an object would grow bigger and bigger by distance, whereas with *our* eyes it grows less and less. And this is because it is not the object we see but the picture in the eye. But let us again examine the object as seen by our own eyes. The object has a size of its own, the picture in the eye is a tiny speck, but the object perceived by the mind is neither of these: it is a creation of its own. We shall return to the sun as an example, because it is not quite so easy to see the distinction in near objects. The sun is a huge globe, the picture in the eye is a small speck, but the picture of which the mind is conscious somewhat resembles the size of a football. This leads us up to the fact that the sun of which we are conscious exists purely in the mind. That



the aspect of which *we* are conscious does not resemble the object may be shown in many ways. If that which we see be the true appearance, then the revelations of telescopes and microscopes must be false. Suppose we had eyes of intense microscopic and telescopic power, how the aspect of things would be changed! Fancy the face of what we call a lovely woman appearing to us some hundreds of thousands of times larger than it does by the power of our present vision! Fancy her drinking a glass of water with all the living creatures therein perceptible to us! Fancy her smile! Surely beauty and pleasure have their origin in the harmony existing between the mind and the senses, the senses and the mind. If the sense of sight were changed, and the mind changed to harmonise with the sight, beauty might more abundantly exist under a totally new aspect. Again, while looking at a remote object, if a finger be held between the eyes at a distance of about a foot, two transparent fingers are seen in place of one solid one. These two transparent fingers have no existence outside ourselves. It is because we see round an object more with two eyes than one, as exhibited in the stereoscope.

In order to see how easily we may be deceived in matters of beauty, let us draw a few comparisons. We speak of things we do not understand as *mysterious*, yet it is evident that this mystery exists purely in the mind. The trick of a conjuror is mysterious to the spectator, yet to the performer there is no mystery in it. When the spectator has discovered the trick it will cease to be mysterious to him. It is the same throughout nature, whatever we do not understand may create in us mystery, which, it is certain, knowledge would destroy. The pleasure we derive from mystery, whatever it may have to do with beauty, exists to a greater extent than any superficial

observer would imagine. It is curious how much ignorance has to do with the pleasures of our being. Of course, it is necessary that we be conscious of this ignorance. Like mystery, *wonder* is purely subjective; without mystery there would be no wonder. There is, therefore, nothing mysterious nor wonderful in heaven nor on earth, and though it is convenient to call things mysterious and wonderful, it is an evident mistake to *think* them so. In the same way we call things hot and cold, though these are acknowledged to be mere sensations of which we are conscious. Fire is not hot, ice is not cold. Even if we confess hotness to exist in heat, still coldness is without a home, for heat is a force existing in ice as well as fire. To receive heat is to feel hot, to part with it, to feel cold. Hotness and coldness have, therefore, no existence in the objects creating them, any more than fear exists in the danger which produces it, or the lion's roar in the bullet that causes it.

By the sense of taste we are liable to be deceived in the same manner. What is delicious to one is nauseous to another. The very same food when submitted to different tastes is pronounced at the same time nauseous and delicious, just as by a similar test the same picture or object is pronounced both ugly and beautiful. It is impossible that all the varieties of tastes which exist concerning the same food, can be *in* that particular food. All the different kinds of food are of one taste, that is, of *no* taste, taste existing only in the consciousness of that sensation. Wine will make a man drunk, yet wine is perfectly sober.

Sound deceives us in the same way. All nature is quiet as death. When a woman sings, she makes not the slightest sound. Her song is silent as the stars, and, but for the sense of hearing, could never be converted into sound or music. Of course, she arranges the vibrations

which cause the sound, just as in the prick of a pin, the pin arranges the hole which causes the pain, but the pain is not in the pin, and it is evident it cannot be in the hole, for the hole is a void.

Let us consider the fashions. We are pleased with that which is fashionable, but the very same thing out of fashion may be very displeasing to us. While there is a desire in the mind for a certain fashion, that fashion will please. There is a harmony between the mind and the object it beholds. A woman looks with contempt on a dress out of fashion, not because the dress is ugly, but because it creates a sense of the ugly in her mind. A woman in the height of fashion twenty years ago might be a laughing-stock to-day. That which we think beautiful to-day, to-morrow we think ugly; this change cannot be in the object, it must be in the mind. Fancy a mother delighting in the face of her child only as it embodied the strict form and colour of a standard measure! The child impresses the mother with a sense of beauty; this beauty exists and is not false or bad. It is the result of certain conditions of both mother and child; it could not be otherwise, and the mother has a perfect right to its full enjoyment. The child may be ugly as sin to all the rest of the world, but that need not annihilate the beauty of which the mother is conscious. To say that the beauty was in the child would be very much like saying the manuscript was in the inkpot. The ink would be there, and every writer would produce out of it a different manuscript, according to the promptings of his own mind. Ideas are not in a book, but the recognised symbols are there.

Education is strongly insisted on as necessary to a knowledge of the beautiful. A feeling for beauty comes rather by instinct than by education. Every uncouth rustic sees beauty in the woman of his choice. Education

enlarges the mind and enlarges its wants. The garment suited to the child is too small for the man. Knowledge opens out new channels for the reception of beauty, and by the influx of new beauties the old are eclipsed, lost or destroyed. We have a perfect right, according to the quality and scope of the mind, to yield to the influence of beauty, however prompted, by a picture the crudest as well as the most refined. That which would produce loud laughter in the rustic would produce only a contemptuous sneer in the man of the world. Must the rustic, therefore, *cease* to laugh because he has not the experience of the man of the world?

These few rudimentary thoughts and remarks must serve our purpose, and from them I conclude that beauty cannot be both subjective and objective, that it exists purely in the mind, that wherever it exists it is real and true and cannot be false or bad. That it seems to be some curious harmony in the mind created by vision and influenced principally by contrast, education, familiarity, association of ideas, and novelty, as totally beyond man's comprehension as the mind itself. That good taste in matters of beauty is like a good appetite; it finds its food on all sides, and intensely enjoys all it feeds upon. That bad taste, like a bad appetite, is incapable of appreciation or enjoyment. That there is no more beauty in what we call a lovely woman than in the ugliest reptile. That beauty is not a dumb idol, but lives in the soul, boundless and free, leaping over all rules and standards, variable and changing, coming and going, fitting itself to the mood and the fancy. That whenever nature fails to impress us with a sense of beauty we have nothing to blame but the dimness of our own spectacles.

One word in conclusion about pictorial art. I do not wish to imply that because a bad picture impresses an un-

educated mind with beauty, it is therefore a good picture. Beauty has nothing to do with the goodness or badness of the picture. If beauty were in the picture, an ignorant man's enjoyment of a picture, confessedly devoid of beauty by education, would be like the enjoyment of drinking from an empty glass—an evident absurdity, as it would be an utter impossibility for a man to enjoy that which did not exist. But his enjoyment is evidence of the existence of beauty; this beauty is in his own mind. The goodness or badness of a picture is determined by knowledge, and he who has this knowledge will not be impressed with beauty from a wholly bad picture. (This merely applies to imitative and not to decorative art. An educated mind may enjoy an old piece of tapestry in which there is not one atom of truthful imitation.) An uneducated man, having no knowledge of anatomy, may delight in the drawing of a figure full of anatomical errors; when he has acquired this knowledge he will cease to admire such a drawing. Education enables us to decide what is good and bad in a picture, whatever the nature of that picture may be, but it will not destroy the variety of our tastes, some will delight in the sombre and the sad, some in the bright and the gay.





## ON HAND SHAKES.

BY W. I. WILD.

WHO first began the practice? or by whom was the custom invented? In the Book of Books we read such passages as: "And he fell on his neck and kissed him"—a mode of salutation which would now occasion in our breasts, a wonder as to the sanity of the saluter. We are instructed by St. Paul, to "Greet one another with a holy kiss," but there is not a word about shaking hands; even the history of our own country is silent on the subject, and the most indefatigable book-worm may search as he likes, but he will find little mention of the habit in our literary annals, or records of manners and customs. Some writers would have us believe that when men were in the habit of greeting each other with a gentle reminder in the shape of a sword thrust, or the insertion of a dagger in their friend's corporation, that it became necessary for the right hands of those who met, to be outstretched in order to show there was no concealed danger lurking in the hand or sleeve of the separate parties; and that thus the hand grasp was more an evidence of good faith than a mode of friendly greeting. But this was in the *dark* ages, when men's hearts were often full of envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; vices and faults, which, of course, are *quite* forgotten in these

days of light and leading. Only within the last half century has it become the universal custom to greet one another with a hand grasp, which in most cases indicates to us the sentiments of the shaker; and, if we are only moderately prudent, gives us fair warning of what there is, or is not, in their character.

It may seem somewhat daring to advocate the disuse of a custom, which even so great a man as St. Paul desired to be maintained; but, like the rest of the great human family, St. Paul was not infallible, and his fearful dislike to the bondage of marriage, and his discouraging, not to say gloomy, advice on the subject, creates, so to speak, a prejudice against him, *when we are young, and in love*; however right we may think him to be, when in maturer years, experience (that stern teacher) has taught us that there are two sides to every question, even the one of celibacy.

But the most rigid observer of rules laid down by the dignified apostle will at least admit there is an amount of dissatisfaction experienced by any man who has had to kiss another fellow creature of the male sex, that can only be estimated by those who have tried the experiment, and found it as the very apples of Sodom to their taste.

Now, whether the originator of the Hand Shake had suffered from an unpleasant proximity to some fellow creature, whose breath was redolent of the strong smelling vegetable of early spring; or whether, from being used to more inviting osculatory practices with fairer subjects, he naturally objected to the emptiness of kissing his fellow man; certain it is, that the average Englishman will never lose a habit which has now become a part of our daily life—a habit which bids fair to eclipse all other modes of greeting in almost every civilised country.

As there are differences in every degree of life, in the

mannerisms of those we know; so there are differences vast and curious, in the grasps or shakes by which our hand is held for a few moments, by those whom we greet in this well-known fashion.

Just let me touch then a few types with which most of us are familiar, and although the shakes may be of various degrees of intensity, yet they are as truly living and moving models as any ever exhibited by a peripatetic showman to a British public at a nominal charge.

*The Bony Shake* is not confined to either sex; it may be found alike in tall and short, stout or thin; and consists of an offer of the bones *only* of the right hand; not until your hand closes round the shaker's palm can you feel the coldness, the lack of fervour in the greeting; there is no responsive grip to answer to your own, but the muscles only of the fingers and the palm lie in your hand, as though you were handling that which may be fitly described as belonging to one of the lemon squeezers of society, one who is a wet blanket on all enjoyment, sees clouds in sunshine, coffins in the candle, whose talk sets your teeth on edge, and in whose unexpressive eyes you can find no trace of sympathy or feeling. The bony fingers should have already warned you that to trust such an one will only entail on you disaster and defeat.

*The Condescending Shake.*—Have you never felt it? How lightly the fingers (sometimes three, seldom four, and never the whole hand) drop into your palm; you do the shaking, because the condescending fingers lie passive in your grasp, and the hand itself would tell you, if it could, how much it feels the ineffable sweetness of its own disposition, in even allowing you so great a privilege. The same hand once, maybe, met yours with a grasp as genial as your own, but you have remained stationary, whereas Tom had a windfall, and curious, isn't it, to see cause and



effect? The genial handshake has become more high toned and placid; and the nervous grasp of the fingers is changed for a gentle dropping of the digits in your outstretched hand: as one writer hath it—

With finger tips, he condescends,  
To touch the fingers of his friends;  
As if he feared their palms might brand  
Some moral stigma on his hand.

Yet, make the most it, for unless you gain a step in the social ladder, you'll soon be beneath shakes, even the condescension of the fingers will be thought too great an effort for the wealthy man to make.

*The Retentive Shake.*—Sweetness long drawn out; it begins vigorously, pauses as if to take breath, and then starts again with unimpaired vitality, until you wonder where the end will be. Sometimes the shaker is anxious about family matters. "So you're all well at home, are you? (*Shake.*) Have the children got over the whooping cough? (*Shake.*) I've just heard some capital news. (*Shake.*) Come down to-night, and we'll talk it over. (*Shake.*) Mind you don't forget. (*Shake.*)" You gaze after the retreating form, and feel if your elbow still works right, or whether you have a single shake left in you.

*The Fishy Shake.*—Cold and clammy strikes the hand you grasp; giving you a feeling of dissatisfaction and disgust, as you instinctively think about Uriah Heep, and, under one pretext or another, furtively take out your pocket handkerchief to wipe off the moisture which seems to have passed from the palm of the shaker into yours. Possessed as a rule by those whose tempers have gone wrong, whose milk of human kindness has turned sour, or whose hidden purposes it is impossible to fathom, the clammy hand frequently belongs to those with whom it is not pleasant to deal. In all fiction the ghostly hand is icy cold, or else a fishy, clammy, grasp—either will do to fill up the

harrowing detail; even grim Death himself is supposed to touch us with a similar grasp; take warning in time, never try and perpetrate a joke with a man who has a fishy hand shake or a greeting.

*The Mechanical Shake.*—Who is not familiar with the action of a pump handle as it is pushed up and down? and in some hand shakes the same principle is at work. There is no soul in it; the lifting up and down of the arm, which, when it is released, falls down flat against its owner's side; the mechanical utterance of a few commonplace words, spoken like an automaton, all these tell you enough of the character of the man who stands before you. You cannot gather grapes from thorns, or else you might expect miracles to occur again on earth; and if you think there is any enthusiasm below the surface in the mind of the mechanical shaker, why, all we ask is, try and force it out of him, *if you can*. An earthquake might do it, because earthquakes somehow have a knack of wakening people up, but no human agency can accomplish such a feat, and after all, when you come to consider what consequences might ensue, it would scarcely be wise to disturb the serenity of so great a pump—(we beg pardon), mind.

*The Gushing Shake.*—The *How* are you shake, with the *how* very large and loud, the sort of greeting that fairly takes your breath away, and makes you fear you will be eaten up before you know it—the jolly man, or the jolly woman, to whom life is a pleasure, and whose existence is a series of delights, who want everybody to be as happy as themselves, and whose flow of spirits fairly infects you with some measure of the same good humour; your usual sober-mindedness, maybe, comes to the rescue just in time, however, and you get over the slight attack of anti-British frivolity; yet, when the shaker has gone, it almost seems as

if a ray of sunshine had shone on you, and the day seems all the brighter for the gleam.

*The Dignified Shake.*—Much affected by the professions and the clergy. You are, maybe, immersed in some pursuit for the good of mankind at large, or your own special town to which you belong (for we trust you are respectable, and belong to somewhere); big with importance, you stroll along, and, so strolling, you meet the dignified shake; you had thought of communicating your opinions to the lady or gentleman you have now met, but—one touch of the hand, and away flies the fancy! Like the frozen mutton of the antipodes, you will want thawing in the warmth of friendship before you can talk to anyone again; and, as the gushing shaker gave you life and light, so the dignified shaker gives you a douche of cold water, which takes away your energy and spirits for the day.

*The Retreating Shake.*—Best described by two names: The shy and retreating; in great use among the fairer sex, most frequently met with in persons of uncertain mind or temper. You perhaps hold out your hand in perfect good faith. The response is not satisfactory; either the hand is half advanced, and then as quickly withdrawn, or a bow is hurriedly substituted, and, with a sense of having been snubbed, you make the best of it. The shy shake has often been seen in members of municipal bodies when raised to the aldermanic bench. When only common councilmen, somehow they knew the genial shake the best, because there was the prospect of an election in the future; but having secured a position above such mundane things, the shyness of their greeting grows upon them imperceptibly to themselves, like grog blossoms on a toper's nose. Will it be believed, yet it is, alas! true, that even Members of Parliament have been known to be violently afflicted with the retreating shake, when country

constituents have waited on them in St. Stephen's gilded halls.

*The Friendly Shake.*—The hearty grasp, which, without being too violent, either to crush the bones or to hurt the fingers, is yet warm enough, fervid enough, to tell you that the shaker's heart is right. You have only to look into the eyes of such an one to be able to read the honesty of purpose that shines through the lamps of the soul; a grasp that tells of a loving heart, in whose recesses there are sympathies that can share the woes as well as the joys of others; that can afford to laugh at the narrow-minded, the selfish, and the wicked; but can offer to those whom they respect, the genial hand-shake, wherein every muscle, every nerve, tells of a desire to do all they can to cheer the path in life of those they meet, and inspire within their fellow creatures' hearts the knowledge that there are amongst us still, those who are ready to offer at all times and seasons the fervid grasp that tells of friendship, of fellowship, and goodwill.

As the hand grasp may be said to be universal, so its expressions—its utterances, to use a paradox—are manifold. In bereavement or affliction, does not the silent grasp of a friendly hand speak to us in a language words could ne'er convey? In joyful seasons, say our marriage, or the birth of our first-born (this sentence for fathers only), or the accession of good fortune so long looked for, what more conduces to fill up our cup of pleasure than the hearty grasp, which tells us that our joy is felt and shared by some friend whom we have known and loved? The welcome home of the wanderer—what to him is dearer than the touch of a hand he has longed to press for many weary years? and as he realises that the pleasure is truly his at last, how the loving hand is shaken again and again. The farewell hand grasp—we part with a loved one or a friend, never, it may be, can we hope to grasp their hand on earth

again, with what mingled feelings is that clasp prolonged?  
The tongue is silent, for—

O'ermastering grief, dries up our speech,  
Which would be drowned in tears."

But the parting must come; the final adieu is spoken, the last hand-shake given, and through the gathering mists that dims our eyes the vessel glides away.

The realms of poesy are full of thoughts and ideas of this same custom. Who has not sighed with the poet for—

The touch of a vanished hand,  
The sound of a voice that is still—

or thought of enduring friendship, as one scene of journeys where in life we should be—

For ever, hand in hand, true friend,  
For ever, and for ever—

a dream, whose evanescence has been swift and sure. In our festive moments have we not sung with Burns—

Then here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine—

and in such blissful seasons have we not deemed those hand-clasps as the joys which have lingered with us, long after all other memories of the scene have passed away?

Let us lower the curtain, and put away the puppets, examples as they are of our modern civilisation; yet across the memory of each of us there will come the thoughts of those who have given us many a hearty grip. Alas! their greeting we can never more return, for the hands that gave it to us are now pulseless and cold; yet, it may be, their heartfelt grasp in the past days has many a time given us new joy, new life and hope, and the memory of such natures lives with us still.

The genial hand-grasp, may it always greet me,  
At morn, at noon, or parting for the night;  
Warm-hearted friends, be ever near to meet me,  
And on my spirit, shed true manhood's light.  
And, above all, when worldly things are flying,  
When near the borders of that unknown land;  
And all within me, tells me I am dying,  
Peaceful I'll rest, grasping a trusty hand.



## BY THE SWALE.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

ON Christmas morning I received some sweet violets, gathered in a sheltered corner of the garden of an old farmhouse in Yorkshire. These violets, from which the fragrance has not yet quite departed, have revived the memories of some pleasant days spent in the country of which that old house is the centre. The memories seem to have something in common with the violets, and it has occurred to me that before the recollections have had time to fade it would be pleasant to put them as it were between the leaves of a book, so that their form, and, if possible, some of their fragrance, may be retained.

The farmhouse stands between the Great North Road known as Leeming Lane, and the Swale in that part of its course where the river flows through the vale of York. The Swale is one of the most picturesque rivers in England in its upper reaches, as you will admit if you ever go to Swaledale, one of those Yorkshire dales—

With rocks and winding scars,  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little plot of stars.

One of my memories of it is of a day when, having travelled to Hawes, at the head of Wensleydale, I crossed Hardraw Scar, and dropped down from a wild tract of moorland

pitted with deep potholes in the limestone, known in this case by the unromantic name of The Buttertubs, and came into a deep hill-girt dale slumbering in the hot haze of a summer afternoon, with mowers in the meadows and the scent of new-mown hay everywhere, and saw the Swale swirling over its stony bed as it flowed near the quaint mining village of Muker. It is romantic, too, when it flows swiftly past the picturesque town of Richmond, whose houses are clustered about the castle on the steep slope above the ruin. But it has lost much of the romance of its youth when it has changed its narrow dale for the broader vale, and has reached the country of which I am writing, lying midway between "the hills where it rose and the Ouse where it goes." Losing much of its impetuosity, too, it has settled down into a steadier course, subject now and then to outbursts, when it is apt to break bounds and behave badly, as it did not long ago, drowning some of the good farmer folk who dwelt too near its banks. In Swaledale there is a good deal of untamed wildness, but here, like that stream which flowed down to Camelot,

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,

which, however, do not "clothe the wold and meet the sky" because this is not a wold country, but one where the fields of waving grain alternate with pastures and meadows, and lands given up to the growth of turnips and potatoes. Dotted here and there about the stream are red-tiled villages, half hidden in the leafy growth of orchard trees, villages such as that of Holme, where the road ends abruptly at the river bank, high grassed and fringed with firs, and where the houses seem to be asleep under the apple boughs, while the reapers are reaping the bearded barley in the sun-lit fields outside. It is a country to which the guide books make slight reference, and a

superficial observer might even declare it uninteresting. To discover its beauties you must dwell in it for a season, and bring associative influences, literary and other, to bear upon it, and then you may find much in it that is attractive and even romantic. The area with which I propose to deal does not extend to a distance of ten miles from a given centre, but within it are a castle or two and many old halls and churches.

The broad expanse of the vale at this point is bounded on the one side by the dark range of the Hambletons, and more remotely on the other by what the people vaguely call the West Hills. To get a view of the country between these limits, you must ascend one of the green ridges, such as Camp Hill, and then you will obtain as fair and far-reaching a prospect as you need look upon. The river winds through the green land at its own sweet will, but being hemmed in by high banks makes no figure in the landscape; but the Great North Road, which runs parallel with it and at no great distance from it, goes straight as an arrow through the country without a curve or a bend for many miles. The Romans made it, and called it Ermine Street or "Pauper's Way," as one word definer has it. It is now known as Leeming Lane, of which we are told *Lhe* signifies a way and *maen* a stone, meaning therefore the stony way. The dwellers therein, while retaining this name, still speak of it as the Street, and true to its Roman origin, it is still a pauper's way, haunted by many poor travellers, as I have often experienced in my walks along it. Tinkers, potters, gipsies, and other vagrants use it in common with the worthy market folk and other respectable people. The road, too, has its mysteries, and you hear by the farmhouse fires of the skeleton that was dug up by the wayside, possibly the victim of highwaymen, of the farmer who found concealed in the hedge a great roll of bank notes



supposed to be the proceeds of a robbery, and which made his fortune. Horse stealers come that way, and my host tells how once a mare was taken out of his pasture by night, but there being some peculiarity in its hoof marks he traced it on the road miles away up to Richmond, where the thief was overtaken and brought to justice and the horse recovered. Among other vagrants, the road was known to Peter Bell, the potter (Wordsworth's Peter), for was it not down by the Swale on a moonlight night that this primrose-impervious Peter found the wonderful ass which he would have stolen, and which shares with him the interest of that poem; and does not the poet say that it was his good luck on one occasion to see with his own eyes that devoted animal peacefully "cropping the shrubs of Leeming Lane"? The milestones along the course of the road still mark the distances between London and Catterick Bridge, but it has much of a deserted look now, with broad margins of grass bordering it, bright in the autumn with scarlet poppies. In the coaching days it was an important highway, but the old inns where the horses were changed are in many cases turned into farmhouses, or, like that known as York Gate, are used as meeting places for fox-hounds.

The farmhouse of which I am writing lies nearer this road than the river, but sufficiently removed from it to give a comfortable sense of seclusion; indeed, so remote was it until lately that you had to send a mile to get letters. It faces the south, and has a walled garden in front, with apricot, plum, and pear trees trained along the walls and up to the red tiled roof. An old orchard straggles away from it on one side, and the apple trees grow among the oaks in the hedgerow of the pasture which lies fair and green before it. In this old garden, stretched along the grass on sunny days, with book and pipe I have made

myself tolerably happy, while white-winged pigeons were fluttering about the eaves, and the bees were busy among the flowers or journeying in and out of their straw-covered hives in the corner. The book for such an occasion was generally one of Lord Lytton's novels—*The Disowned*, for instance—for in no other place and at no other season have I derived the same enjoyment from his lordship's writings, the antique flavour of his style and the romantic incidents of his stories being just as far removed from the present time and tastes as that old garden was from the commonplace workaday world. It is not however of this house or garden, with its pleasant surroundings and its equally pleasant and hospitable interior, that I wish to write now, but of little travels made in the country which surrounded it, and which for the sake of clearness of outline I propose to deal with in chapters, the first being—

#### THE GATHERING OF THE HONEYSUCKLE.

I was just starting out to explore the site of a lost village and find an old hall, which were marked on the Ordnance map as lying near the river a few miles away, when my hostess remarked that as there was to be a little festive gathering on the morrow she would like some honeysuckle to make the house fragrant. So the quest of the woodbine was added to those of the hall and the deserted village. I found the latter before I had gathered any of the honeysuckle, which was not to be seen, though I had looked for it in many a hedgerow. Beside a little beck which wandered through a rough pasture, I came upon the green mounds which marked the places where household fires had been quenched for ever; not far from them was a deserted homestead with the walls still standing but with the roof broken in. I don't know whether Swainby was anything like "sweet Auburn," but it brought

Goldsmith's poem to my mind. The site of an ancient priory once existing near the village I did not find, but as I walked across a green upland slope I saw in the hollow below a quaint old hall with a steep tall-chimneyed red-tiled roof, and with rounded turrets at the angles with pointed red-tiled caps. Tall trees were clustered about the hall, and attached to it was a grey old garden with buttressed walls. Under the trees on a green knoll of the pasture children were playing, and as I stood by the heavy stone-posted iron gates a damsel came to me and courteously consented to show me the interior. It is much changed and modernised in parts to suit farming requirements, but there are still fine oak-panelled rooms in it which I was shown. One of these rooms was used as a store place, and the damsel, with something of pride, pointed to a vast array of jars which littered the floor, and told me that she had preserved all that fruit herself. This old house was Allertorpe Hall, with interests attached to it of which the maiden seemed unconscious. Here for a time lived that witty and brilliant lady of the last century, Mrs. Montagu, who figured in the literary and fashionable society of her time. She was a prominent figure too at Bath, and on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells; and wrote an essay on Shakespeare in reply to one by Voltaire. Boswell liked the essay, but Johnson would have none of it, somewhat savagely remarking to his friend that though it might do her honour it would do nobody else honour. At other times however the Doctor was more complimentary to the lady. Here just after her marriage the lady came, and writing of it she says: "We arrived at this place (Allertorpe, Yorkshire). after a journey of six days through fine countries. . . . I think it is the prettiest estate and in the best order I ever saw; large and beautiful meadows for riding or walking in, and all as neat as a

T

garden, with a pretty river (the Swale) winding about them, on which we shall sometimes go in boats." Again she writes: "The sun gilds every object, but I assure you it is the only fine thing we have had; for the house is old and not handsome; it is very convenient, and the situation extremely pleasant. We found the finest peaches, nectarines, and apricots that I have ever eat."

It was in the autumn of 1742 when this lady of the last century came to spend her honeymoon in this old house of her husband's at Allerthorpe, and at a time corresponding to the one on which I visited it. They had not been here long when the husband was called away on business to London, and the bride tells how, with much reluctance, but with a feeling of duty, she "got out honour's boots and helped him to draw them on." Left alone, we have a glimpse of quiet days in this solitary house. She says "I cannot boast of the numbers that adorn our fireside. My sister and I are the principal figures; besides, there is a round table, a square skreen, some books, and a work-basket, with a smelling bottle, when morality grows musty, or a maxim smells too strong, as sometimes they will in ancient books." It was not here, but in a more brilliant house, and later, that Cowper said of this lady, and her taste in feather-work adornments—

The birds put off their every hue  
To dress a room for Montagu.

Of the country people who dwelt hereabouts at that time, she has not much to say in praise. She says: "We have not been troubled with any visitors since Mr. Montagu went away. Could you see how ignorant, how awkward, how absurd, and how uncouth the generality of people are in this county, you would look upon this as no small piece of good fortune. For the most part, they are drunken and vicious, and worse than hypocrites—profligates. I am very

happy that drinking is not within our walls. We have not had one person disordered by liquor since we came down, though most of the poor ladies in the neighbourhood have had more hogs in their drawing-rooms than ever they had in their hogstye." And then she goes on to describe a country beau of those parts who wears a "red waistcoat and velvet breeches, and who walks like a tortoise and chatters like a magpie." Sometimes, to break the monotony of the life at Allerthorpe, she has been led to dance and cut a thoughtless caper, which went to the heart of the staid old steward, who, she says, "is as honest as Trusty in the play of 'Grief à la Mode.' I am told he has never heard a hop that he has not echoed with a groan."

The Hall stands a considerable distance from the Great North Road, and the driving way thither winds about among the fields. It was in the hedgerows bordering the carriage-way that I found the honeysuckle, coming upon a rich profusion of it, red and white, so that I was soon able to get a great bunch of it to carry home in triumph. Not far from where I came out on the road is a farmhouse, which was once a coaching inn, and is still known as the Oak Tree. More than thirty years later, after her husband's death, Mrs. Montagu came to see her estate at Burniston, and stayed at this inn. She says: "Exactly opposite to some of my land there is a tolerable inn. I eat a hearty dinner, and taking my steward with me, went over as many of the farms as I could that night, and sent invitations to my tenants to dine with me next day. Mine host, by sending to the neighbouring markets, assembled together sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, loins of veal, chickens, ducks, and green peas, and with ham, pigeon pies, tarts and custards, filled up every chink of table, and, I believe, of stomach. Unfortunately, there was not a room large enough to contain all my good friends, so the women and the

young lasses dined with me, and the men with the steward." There is another literary association—real or imaginary—associated with this inn, and of more modern date. A friend of mine, a native of these parts, has a theory, that this is the original of Dickens's "Holly Tree Inn," which he works out in this way: When Dickens travelled north, to get his material for *Nicholas Nickleby*, he came by coach along the Great North Road, which is the highway to Greta Bridge. He would possibly stop here, and as there was no other inn for the rest of the road which had a tree in its sign, the recollection of the place would be with him, and the Oak would be changed to Holly. The Holly Tree Inn, as we know, is placed on the Great North Road. Moreover, Dickens says he found on the table, among other odd volumes, a copy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which was written at Shandy Hall, under those Hambleton Hills which are to be seen lying across the vale. Whether this was the inn or not, the supposition that it may have been is a harmless one, and very pleasant to entertain for those who know the locality.

#### MAIDEN BOWER.

Away down the river, in the opposite direction to Allertorpe, and six miles or so from the farm, is the village of Topcliffe, and near it on the map appear the attractive words "Maiden Bower." This was the object of my next journey. It was market-day at a neighbouring town, and so I was driven in the dogcart along leafy lanes, past the quaint hamlets of Howe and Ainderby Quernhowe, by river pastures with reeds and willows in them, suggestive of fen lands, and so to Skipton on Swale, where is a fine stone bridge over the river, and a cluster of houses perched about a green knoll, and crowned with a clump of firs. Here I alighted, and took a lane which followed the course of the river.

In the house I had left were bits of rare old china and prints, the relics of quainter times than these, and among the prints was a coloured one representing the loves of a shepherd and shepherdess of the true old pastoral time. Colin and Clorinda are personages one is not surprised to meet with in a picture or poem, but that they should be represented among real pastoral surroundings was a new experience. Here, however, they were near the bridge of Skipton, carved in stone and standing on pedestals, in a green pasture between the fir trees and the flowing river. It was the pleasant fancy of some old-world country squire, who had placed them there within railed enclosures, and facing each other from a respectful distance; Colin, if I remember right, with his pipe, and Clorinda with her broad sun-hat and with flowers in her looped-up skirts. Following the course of the river as far as green lanes would admit, I came to the borders of Newby Park, deer-stocked, and containing some fine old timber, oak and other, among which I was told were trees contemporary with the Forest of Galtres, of which they formed a part. Of this, however, there may be some doubt, as it is questionable whether the boundaries of the Forest extended so far. The Hall is interesting, as reminding one of Hudson, the Railway King, who once dwelt there, and in this connection, of a certain well-known pamphlet by Carlyle on "Hudson's Statue," and of a grimly humorous appeal to the Woods and Forests to prevent the accomplishment of that popular idea. Beyond Newby Park I came to the dusty old corn mill and the flashing weir, which stand near the fine old church of Topcliffe, which is picturesquely placed on a high bank above the stream. The Swale hereabouts has been called the Jordan of England, for the reason that in Saxon times,

when Edwin was King of Deira, and the old pagan faith was being changed for Christianity, Paulinus is said to have baptised 10,000 persons in the river in one day. This seems almost an impracticable feat, but the apostle was equal to the occasion. He first consecrated the river, and then told the people to go down to it and sprinkle each other, and so the work was done.

Topcliffe, perched literally on the green cliff, is an old-world place which seems to have changed little through the centuries, save to shrink and decay, and appearing only to wake from its drowsiness on the occasion of some fair or festival. But it has seen stirring times, and though no market folk now gather round its cross, it has the reputation of being "the only market town in England for the sale of kings," inasmuch as Charles I., when prisoner at Maiden Bower, was the subject of negotiations between the Scotch Commissioners and the Parliament. Maiden Bower stood on a green peninsula of the Swale, where the Codbeck falls into it, and I found it by following a lane which leads from the sleepy village, in the rear of gardens. Lofty green mounds, upon which the cattle were feeding, with a clump or two of firs are all that mark the site of the ancient house of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. Of what this lordly pleasure-house was like there is now no trace, but standing on the turf covered mounds, some striking pictures associated with it present themselves to the imagination. Here, in Henry VII.'s time, the fourth Earl was slain by the infuriated mob, as an answer to the King for the war tax levied upon them. This tragedy is interesting in one aspect, as having roused the poetical fire of Skelton, laureate to Henry VIII., whose ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. That worthy bard, in presenting to the fifth Earl the lines of "Skelton Laureat



upon the dolorous dethe, and much lamentable chaunce of the moost honourable Earl of Northumberlande," says—

I wayl, I weep, I sobbe, I sigh full sore  
 The dedely fate, the doleful destenny  
 Of him that is gone, alas ! without restore,  
 Of the blode royal descending nobely,  
 Whose lordship doubtless was slayne lamentably,  
 Thorow treason ageyn hym compassyd and wrought,  
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

It seems that though the Earl had many retainers they stood him in ill stead, for like Macbeth, he had to exclaim, "The thanes fly from me!" So the laureate says sorrowfully, after describing how he fought like Hector—

Barons, knights, squires, one and all,  
 Together with servants of his family,  
 Turned their backis, and let their master fall,  
 Of whose life they counted not a fly.

Alas ! his golde, his fee, his annual rente,  
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowede and spent.

A laureate, I take it, who in these times could turn out no better poetry than that, would, in a literary sense, fare as badly at the hands of his critics as the Earl did in the hands of the mob.

But more interesting is a later event in which another of these ill-starred Percys came to grief. When that Rising in the North took place, which Wordsworth has described in the "White Doe of Rylstone," the conspirators met at Maiden Bower, and among them was old Richard Norton, who then lived at Norton Conyers, not far from here. Froude gives a graphic picture of those meetings, and of the doubts and hesitation of the conspirators, among whom old Norton seems to have been the most determined. We learn now how Norfolk is hesitating, and sends a message to beg them not to stir, and how the servant delivers his message a "flight shot from the park wall;" and then again, when the Earl scarcely knows whether to

take up arms or throw himself upon the mercy of Elizabeth, his Countess Anne, who is made of sterner stuff, has recourse to subterfuge to speed his decision. Surrey has sent an entreaty to the Earl not to rebel. The Countess detains his servant until midnight at Maiden Bower on the plea of resting his horses. Then, when he has just departed, she sends a hasty message to the Earl, who is in bed, to tell him that there are those on the way who will take him prisoner and carry him muffled to the Queen. He springs from his bed, has his horses saddled, the bridge over the Swale broken, and the bells rung backward. The crisis has been precipitated. Surrey's messenger, hearing the jangling bells, asks what it means, and his guide answers with a sigh that he fears it is a call to arms. How the end of it was that the unfortunate Earl's head was placed on Micklegate Bar in York is matter of history. As I walked away from Topcliffe I was overtaken by a gentleman farmer, who asked me to take a seat with him in his phaeton, and who told me that this Maiden Bower was so placed at the confluence of two streams that by damming up the lesser one the stronghold could be made into an island. My friend, it turned out, had much antiquarian taste, and told me that he had picked up on his land many curious relics in the form of bronze and other weapons, and but a few days before had found what appeared to be part of an old British hand mill for grinding corn.

#### A CASTLE QUEST.

My next journey was in search of a castle which my host said I should find at Snape, some six miles or so, as the crow flies, to the west of the farm. I took a longer way, and passed up to the green ridge above the Great North Road, where stands the beautiful village of Kirklington, with its old hall and church and earthworks of ancient

camp. In the lane that leads up to it is a clump of firs encircling a green mound, which tradition says is the grave of some unknown warrior. Kirklington ranges itself in a straggling way about a broad open green on the hill crest with great sycamores on it, under which I have seen the hunters and foxhounds meet on an autumn morning. In the corner of the village, and in the shade of fine trees, is a grand old church, in whose graveyard I found, among others, this epitaph—

Man! know thyself. Be virtuous and wise.  
Should honour, wealth, or fame to thee belong.  
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"  
And dust to dust concludes his noblest song.

There is a grey old hall, too, within old walled gardens, and with a grand avenue of limes leading down to it, along which I have followed a hunting train and have seen the scarlet gleam out among the leafy green, and heard the sound of the hunter's horn in the woods below. Some of the stones of the hall are said to have come from the castle of the Marmions not far away, now dismantled, but with a church still standing close by, in which was a chantry, named after Maude Marmion, where they used to pray for the souls of Lord Marmion and Avise Grey. This Kirklington, if I am not mistaken, is the Kirklevington the manor of which came to Henry de Percy about the year 1200, when he married the daughter of Adam de Brus, and was held on the fine old courtly condition that "the Lords de Percy should repair to Skelton Castle every Christmas Day and lead the faire Lady de Brus from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and from thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her to depart." How oddly these literary associations hang upon each other. That Skelton Castle of the De Brus, rebuilt in later times, became the Crazy Castle of Eugenius, the friend of Sterne,

with quite other incidents associated with its "Crazy Tales" than that chivalrous tradition of the Percys.

Past Kirklington I went in the sunny morning by Camp Hill and the old entrenchments, whether Saxon or Roman I know not, and so to Carthorpe, where, from the schoolhouse wall, on the sundial, I read this warning—

So rolls the sun, so wears the day,  
And measures out life's varied way,  
Through shifting scenes of shaded light,  
To endless day or endless night.

Then past long reaches of woodland, by uneventful ways and between harvest-fields, I went, until I came in sight of the ivied walls of a castle rising above village roofs, backed by a wooded slope. Through this village, lying close to two roads, with a great green space between, and a rindling stream flowing through it, crossed by little footbridges, I went, passing the schoolhouse, where the boys were playing at cricket on the green outside, and on by the park gate to the castle itself. Here, in a field close by, I was fortunate to meet with exactly the guide I wanted, in a worthy villager who knew the place well. The castle is a most interesting one, though, as far as I know, it has no particular history, and, therefore, may have been a happy place. It is in part inhabited, contains within itself the village church, and for the rest is an extensive ruin. The church clock shines out from a broad ivied tower, and the church itself, once a chapel of the castle, is marked by a row of traceried windows. This is the most interesting feature of the building. My guide told me that not long ago it was used as a granary, some of the windows being built up, and that, having had seed stored in it, which had fermented, a fine fresco which had adorned the ceiling had been much damaged, and in part destroyed. He was very enthusiastic about the beauty of this fresco, and took me

to see it. I found that it was very fine, and covered the whole of the ceiling of the little sanctuary. He told me that experts brought from London had failed to discover the painter of it. It was illustrative of the 12th chapter of Revelations, showing "a woman clothed with the sun, and with the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." There, too, could be traced the great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads; and there, too, was depicted that war in heaven where Michael and his angels were fighting with and prevailing over the dragon and his angels, who would have prevailed over the woman and her child. The ceiling was crowded with figures, and those of the woman and the archangel Michael struck me as being very fine. One could not but regret that the thoughtless vandalism of turning such a place into a granary had spoiled such a work of art. Then my guide took me upon the castle leads, and showed me a fine stretch of parkland and the village below, with the stream flowing through it from the castle, and beyond these a great expanse of wooded vale stretching away to dim distances, and lying in the sunshine under a bright blue sky. Descending from that height, we walked past a beautiful cross placed on the greensward, at the parting of the ways, to the memory of a lady of the Milbank family, and so into the village again, where my friend showed me a new reading room, for the villagers, with almost as much enthusiasm as he had shown me the castle.

"HE GOES ON SUNDAY TO THE CHURCH."

Not far from the farm, and near to the Swale, is a fine old church with a great square tower of pearly grey, which, being placed on a lofty green knoll, gleams out from among the trees, and can be seen some distance away in the otherwise level landscape. There is a little village gathered

about the church, with the houses placed widely apart, and a stream running through the green space between. The church is Norman, with a beautifully carved doorway, and has a Norman chancel-arch, with dog-tooth ornamentation. It has been in the hands of the restorer, who has cast out into the graveyard the old font with the date 1662 on it, and replaced it with a new one having an elaborately carved cover to it in the form of an extinguisher. The church has not many monuments, but within the tower is a tablet to the memory of Colonel Metcalf Graham, who fought at the battle of Blenheim, and was made adjutant-general.

There are other churches besides this to choose from, such as that on the hill at Kirklington, or the one at Burniston, which in the summer seems to stand islanded among flowers, and has some fine carvings in it, and where Mrs. Montagu used to go and see the people from the almshouses with her ancestors' crest of a buck's head on their sleeves. I have, however, a leaning to the church near the river, because I have heard good discourses there. I once heard the vicar preach a sermon of Charles Kingsley's on the Transfiguration, admitting the authorship, of course, and one of his hearers at least agreeing with him that he might have done worse.

Across the fields, therefore, I went, by the vicarage and the village and over the stream, to join the little company within the sacred pile. Good George Herbert says :—

Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime  
'Tis angels' music, therefore come not late.

I am afraid I had travelled too slowly, for the bell had ceased to chime when I joined the congregation, but I was by no means the last who trickled in through the carved doorway from the sun. This disregard of George Herbert's admonition, however, is not a form of transgression peculiar to the worshippers in country churches.

They were mostly farming folk and villagers, a little homely congregation, to whom this time the vicar preached a sermon of his own. It was a Sunday in the calendar near Holy Cross day, and so he must needs talk to his hearers of the Invention of the Cross, which led him to tell them the legend of St. Helena and the finding by that saint of the true cross. Helena, it seemed, had some connection, real or imaginary, with a town in the south, where the preacher had once lived, and being the mother of Constantine of York, had some claims also upon his Yorkshire hearers. I regret to say that I have forgotten much of that sermon, but I know there was an earnest appeal in it to those who listened to find the true cross for themselves, and an illustration which sounded oddly in such a place, but which was pleasantly familiar to hear. It was from Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette." Urging his hearers to bear themselves nobly in their quest, and not to have blank shields to show, he told them of Arthur's hall at Camelot, and how—

Midway down the side of that long hall  
A stately pile—whereof along the front  
Some blazoned, some but carven, and some blank,  
There ran a treble range of stony shields.

And under every shield a knight was named :  
For this was Arthur's custom in his hall ;  
When some good knight had done a noble deed  
His arms were carven only ; but if twain  
His arms were blazon'd also ; but if none  
The shield was blank and bare without a sign  
Saving the name beneath.

The sermon over, to the strains of some sweet voluntary, like that of the "Agnus Dei," the worshippers pass out again into the sun. There is the gentlest stir of excitement as the little company disperses along the lanes and field paths, and the few conveyances which have been standing at the inn-doors are filled again by their owners

and driven away. Then the village lapses into its accustomed drowsiness, with the sleepy stream slipping along between green banks, and the towered church looking down from its grassy knoll with a calm rest about it, broken only by such sounds as come from the sailing birds.

Walking back through the quiet fields to the farm and thinking over the sermon, I found myself speculating as to the effect of those legends upon the listeners. I might do them an injustice, but I could not help wondering whether there might not happen to be one among them of the type of the "Northern Farmer," who, of his church-going would say respecting the preacher and his subject—

I niver knaw'd what a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summat to säy,  
An I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said an I comed awaäy.







## THE WOOD.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[Imitated from Omulewaki (Federow), quoted in *Revue Universelle Internationale*, 15 Juin, 1884.]

WE wander through a weary wood by night,  
The darkness deepens, stars their fires relight.  
Dumb is the darkness, and there is no sound,  
Save when a withered branch falls to the ground,  
Or when there flutters forth a veiled sigh.  
"What! sad, my dear one? Prythee tell me why?"  
"Ah! no, with thee I'm happy, but the stars  
Look down with fixed gaze from heaven's blue bars;  
Their look is not of sorrow, nor of mirth,  
But seems to beckon me from sinful earth."

Across the weary wood I march once more,  
And night again spreads out her sable store.  
Within my shrinking soul the shades are dread,  
As though I saw around the ghostly dead.  
My heavy heart is full of bitter gall,  
My eyes of leaden tears that do not fall.

"Oh, stars of midnight! send one pitying look."  
"No change of Fate the heavenly hosts can brook;  
And still our rays retain the former fires  
Such as beheld of old your earliest sires.  
All things remain, yea, ev'n as of yore—  
(But where is she we saw with thee before?)—  
No change there is in stars, or time, or tide—  
Why is the maiden now not by thy side?"







**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S**

(MANCHESTER)

# SPARKLING TABLE WATERS,

Unrivalled for Purity and Quality.

SODA WATER,  
SELTZER  
WATER,

POTASH  
WATER,

LITHIA  
WATER,

SIMPLE  
AERATED  
WATER.



LEMONADE,

GINGER ALE,

QUININE  
TONIC.

GINGER BEER,

HOREHOUND  
BEER.

## EXTRACTS FROM ANALYTICAL REPORTS.

"The examination of the Waters which I have made has satisfied me that they have been prepared with the greatest care, and are of excellent quality."

FRANCIS JONES, F.R.S.E., F.C.S.

"On the whole, I have no hesitation in stating that your Aerated Waters are of the highest standard of purity which is practically attainable."

LOUIS SIEBOLD, F.I.C., F.C.S.

"The Lemonade is, for flavour and general excellence, superior to any similar compound which I have examined, and contains no acid but Citric Acid."

"I took a sample of the water used in your manufacture in the preparation of the Aerated Waters, and found it, as was the case with the completed compounds, entirely free from lead, copper, or any injurious matter whatever."

C. ESTCOURT, F.C.S., F.C.I.

The above waters are supplied in Syphons, ordinary Bottles and Half-Bottles.

J. & B.'s Syphons are mounted with *Pure Black Tin*, thus ensuring absolute immunity from dangerous metallic contamination.

NOTE.—All corks are branded with name, each Bottle and Syphon bears Jewsbury & Brown's Trade Mark in the glass, also their Label, without which none are genuine.

Price Lists and Analytical Reports sent free to any address, or may be had from their numerous agents.

**113, MARKET STREET. & 44, DOWNING STREET, MANCHESTER.**

**CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits adopting the Title.**

WHITE SOUND TEETH, FRAGRANT BREATH, HEALTHY GUMS TO OLD AGE.



**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S**

# Oriental Tooth Paste

**CAUTION.**

The ONLY GENUINE is Signed by JEWSBURY & BROWN.

POTS, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. ALL CHEMISTS.  
SIXTY YEARS IN USE. CLIMATE PROOF.

FOR DWELLING-HOUSES AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

# Equitable

# Fire & Accident Offices

**Special Feature.**  
ONE PREMIUM RETURNED  
every FIFTH YEAR to those  
who have made no Claim.

## Agencies

are specially sought  
after and valuable,  
on account of the  
Bonus System.

For terms apply  
to the Head Office or  
any of the Branches.

## HEAD OFFICE:

11 & 13, ST. ANN ST., MANCHESTER.

## BRANCHES:

LONDON ..... 69, Lombard Street, E.C.  
GLASGOW ..... 101, St. Vincent Street.  
BIRMINGHAM.. Midland Buildings, 2, New St.  
LIVERPOOL..... 11, Tithebarn Street.  
NEWCASTLE ..... 1, St. Nicholas Buildings.  
BELFAST..... 6, Royal Avenue.  
DUBLIN..... 18, Dame Street.

## Financial Position.

	FIN. CR.	ACCIDENT CO.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED	£263,335	£142,175
CAPITAL PAID UP	£2,667	£28,495
ANNUAL INCOME	£8,943	£21,284
FUNDS & INVESTMENTS	£98,969	£36,528

THE EQUITABLE GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT CO.,  
LIMITED.

FOR ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.